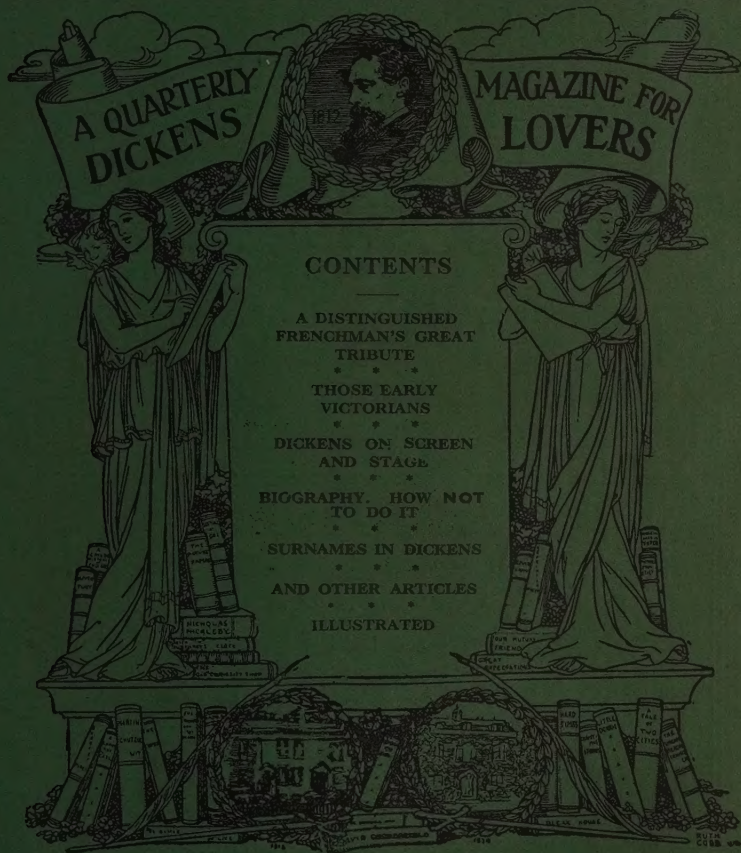


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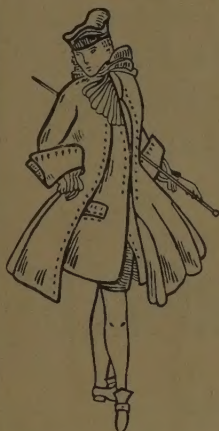
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[Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker]

The
Dickens
Christmas.

Christmas, 1934, again showed Dickens very much in evidence. *A Christmas Carol* was on the air in more than one foreign country, although English listeners were regaled only with *Oliver Twist*, surely the most inappropriate selection that could have been made. Again the President of the United States of America read the immortal *Carol* to his own home circle. By next Christmas we hope to see a really effective version on the screen. Mr. Seymour Hicks will play Scrooge, and he tells me that the film story is not to be based on his stage version (which had many inaccuracies, by the way) but is being taken direct from the book, which in itself is almost a complete scenario for a hundred minutes' run.

* * * * *

Oliver
Twist's
Birthplace.

The demolition of St. George's Workhouse, Southwark, has again caused the always badly-informed press to come out with headlines associating it with the place where Oliver asked for more. No matter how many protests may be made afterwards, the incorrect statement, because of its glamour, is still impressed on the reader's mind. "The Daily Express" was the chief offender this time, with the leader-page devoted to the matter; and none of the letters correcting the error were printed, so far as we have been able to ascertain. I think the fact of the copper being preserved in the Cuming Museum has been the cause of these repeated misstatements, which began in about 1920 when the workhouse was closed. Then and again in 1930, we set forth fully the reasons why this workhouse was not even in Dickens's mind when writing the story. If an actual place must be found for every scene a novelist depicts, then the workhouse was at Chatham. The original manuscript

called the seat of Bumbledom "Mudfog"; and we know what Mudfog was! In the first separate printing of the story, "Mudfog" was deleted, and no name given to the town. The book very clearly shows that Oliver arrived in London via Barnet and Islington after a walk of about eighty miles; so that his birthplace must have been at some considerable distance from London, and north of the river.

* * * * *

Asking In the course of an article on Dickens and the drama
for more. in "The Radio Times" last December, Mr. Compton Mackenzie makes the very strange assertion that dramatised versions of the novels have never been completely successful. I had a word to say about the phenomenal success of "Poor Jo" and the thirty-years-old success of "The Only Way," in this place last quarter. But what has led me to write this note is Mr. Mackenzie's further statement "By the way, the only phrases in *Oliver Twist* that have passed into the common currency of every day speech are *Oliver Twist's* asking for more, and that one of Bumble about the law being a ass." It's the "only" "as does it"; is that not enough for Mr. Oliver Mackenzie? What other writer (Shakespeare excepted) can claim as much?

* * * * *

What next, A paragraph has been going round the press, no doubt
please? inspired by a badly-informed publicity department of the company concerned, respecting the production of the American film version of *David Copperfield*. Research has revealed that in the King's Bench Prison the inmates were not confined in cells; well, that's all right, or "O.K." as they would say; but listen to this "The father of Charles Dickens was imprisoned there for a time." I suppose the research for that information was made among books not relating to Dickens; the same as the "research" of another American film company, blazoned forth by them in an official publication, led them to discover a "Lily and Swan" Inn in Cheapside, and copy (presumably from either contemporary prints or photographs) the actual lettering on the coffee room door. Wonderful "research" this, since it has discovered something that London did not know it possessed. It is, of course, immaterial that Dickens actually mentioned the real inn by name, and that it wasn't the "Lily and Swan," or in Cheapside either; and that there never was an inn of that name in the City of London! The same authority confuses "posting" with the post-office, quite a different thing. The publicity department in America is (so I understand) solely to blame. The honest attempts which the directors of these pictures appear to make to reproduce the period faithfully, are frustrated by such cheap practices as these. But there, I think publicity managers believe the public will accept as truth all that they care to put in print.

* * * * *

'Teens or Who was responsible, I wonder, for titling a "still"
'fifties? of David's mother that recently appeared in one of the

papers devoted to the cinema, "A Belle of the Fifties." Why, that lady died her fiction death the last year of the 'forties; and her creator thought of her most likely as of the 'teens. If David's mother lived in the 'fifties, in what period does the book close? I won't attempt to answer my question, but it would be long after Dickens himself had ceased to live. And Dickens did not write that sort of book!

* * * * *

Good Publicity. I really must congratulate the English propaganda and publicity directors of the Universal Co. for the splendid manner in which they advertised their film of *Great Expectations* in this country. It was their suggestion that they should show it first of all in the study of The Dickens House, for which privilege they made a substantial donation to the funds. When the first showing of the film was arranged for at the Capitol in the Haymarket, London, a window at Selfridge's was engaged and a fine collection of Dickens relics put on show through the kindness of Mr. Walter T. Spencer. During the West End run of the film, a coach paraded the streets, with two characters from the book, and picked up patrons for the theatre.

* * * * *

More Dickens Letters. The sale of the Ogden Goelet Library by the American Art Association early in January was a notable one, as it brought on the market many most important letters. Mr. Goelet died in 1897, and this is the first sale since. A collection of thirty-three letters of Dickens to Edmund Yates fetched \$6000. Ten letters to Thomas Mitton, \$400; twelve to R. H. Horne, \$150; twelve to Shirley Brookes, \$750; ten to T. A. Trollope, \$160; fourteen to Mrs. Mary Nicols, \$170. Individual letters fetched from \$30 to \$170, according to their importance. But one, a letter of one and a half pages only, dealing with the death of his own Dora, commanded the price of \$320.

Phiz's copies of his own drawings, mostly made in 1866 for F. W. Cozens, were sold for quite high prices. Forty-four for *Pickwick*, \$3350, forty for *Martin Chuzzlewit*, \$1150, forty for *David Copperfield*, \$3100, forty for *Little Dorrit*, \$1250. (The latter set was done so late as 1878.)

* * * * *

Another Spurious Landmark. The very latest discovery relating to Dickens is made by "an ardent lover" in a article in the "Hampshire Telegraph" for December 21st with heading "Where Dickens wrote *Bleak House*," in large type displayed over two columns.

He got the clue at the "Cheshire Cheese," where, after being regaled with beer, an "old fellow" told him "records show" that at Dickens House, No. 15, Took's Court, Cursitor Street, Dickens had written *Bleak House* "or part of it," and the house was a place of pilgrimage for hundreds of Americans every year. "I bought more beer," says the writer, "and then sought the house and thoroughly enjoyed its

Dickensian atmosphere. He does not tell us how much more beer was consumed, but we know he went home in a taxi. Equally incorrect is the statement by the same writer that Dickens ate his last public dinner with Lord Houghton and the Prince of Wales at the "Cock Tavern" in Fleet Street. It is surprising that the editor of a Portsmouth paper could have been gulled into accepting such an article.

* * * * *

Dickens in the Soviet. The Russian author of "And Quiet Flows the Don," Michael Sholokhov, speaking to a newspaper correspondent in London, said that English literature was very popular in the Soviet Union, especially the works of Dickens. "The Soviet reader is not interested in the ordinary romance," said Mr. Sholokhov, "he wants a story with a wider social outlook. Perhaps that is why Dickens is so popular, because of his anxiety over social problems." A new translation of this immortal story—with new illustrations by a Russian artist has been published in two volumes. A copy has been presented to The Dickens House, and we shall be making further reference to it later. "Mr. Pickwick," a play, was presented at the Moscow Theatre of Arts in December, with music specially composed for it.

* * * * *

And in Wales. The first appearance of a work of Dickens in Welsh is announced for the Blaenau Festiniog Festival on Good Friday. We do not know its Welsh title, but usually it is called *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

* * * * *

Holmes on the Track. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle endeavoured to solve the mystery surrounding Edwin Drood, but he never put Sherlock Holmes to the test. This has been left to Mr. Harry B. Smith, the well-known American bibliophile, who gave us the Kolle letters a quarter of a century ago. "How Sherlock Holmes Solved the Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been written with the permission of Lady Doyle. We have not yet received a copy, so the mystery is still a mystery so far as *The Dickensian* is concerned. Only twenty-five copies are offered for sale out of a printing of thirty-three. The price is \$22.50 !

* * * * *

Mr. Ley has dealt with Mr. Kingsmill's so-called "Life" of Dickens in his usual masterly fashion, and although like all other critics he has condemned it, Mr. Kingsmill's treatment of Dickens's fiction is one that would have commanded more serious attention had he expounded his methods in a couple of chapters; but to endeavour to make fact out of fiction in such a wholesale manner is, of course, ludicrous. Nevertheless, although the book is irritating to a degree, there are certain points in Mr. Kingsmill's analysis that give food for serious thought, and for that reason this book should not be lightly put aside with a Podsnapian wave of the hand.

WALTER DEXTER

SURNAMES IN DICKENS

BY FRANK G. ROE

DICKENS'S propensity for curious surnames can hardly have escaped the notice of any reader. In this respect he must rank with Scott, although it is scarcely as a humorist that Sir Walter exists in most memories; and both he and Scott may have drawn upon Shakespeare and the Restoration dramatists, whose names, when they were not classical, were frequently humorously descriptive. Names of this type, however, may be deceptive. Scott's Master Shortyard the mercer, in "Kenilworth," obviously indicates some penurious tradesman; but from uses of the noun which I have met with, I do not feel at all sure that John Longyard, who lived at Winterton, Norfolk, in 1477,* or Mr. W. Halfyard, a member of the Newfoundland Legislative Assembly, 1928, were necessarily descended from ancestors whose names had any connection with land measure or business generosity. Dickens's surnames are not commonly descriptive or professional, except in the subtle choice of such as Mould for an undertaker or Pell for a lawyer, both actual names. His Paul Sweedlepipe for a barber must be a re-echoing of Master Benjamin Suddlechop, who practised that profession in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." I desire in the present article to present a number of Dickens surnames, which I have found in most instances to be actually borne by living people.

A few words on Dickens's own surname may not be out of place. It is (to me) immensely interesting to notice that 'Dickens' is, etymologically, precisely the same in origin as that of the man who may not unfairly be called the father of the English novel, the author of Macaulay's favourite "Clarissa," and perhaps one of those who nurtured Dickens's childhood along with Fielding—Samuel Richardson. Everybody knows that Dickon was a familiar diminutive or pet-name for Richard or the less approachable or affectionate Dick. We have all learned from Shakespeare (who followed old Holinshed):—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."†

By a process perfectly familiar to etymological students, just as Dickson became Dix, Watson became Watts, and Watkinson Watkins, Tomson or Thompson became Toms and Tomlinson shortened into Tomlins, so Dicconson or Dickenson became Dickens. Although the fact of such mutations is not doubted by authorities—one need only refer the reader to Professor Ernest Weekley's monumental "Dictionary of Surnames"—there may be readers who over-rate the significance of variant spellings. A quite recent work of considerable research presents us with a variety of this in the Dickens family who were living at

* "Paston Letters" (ed. J. Gairdner; 4 vols, 1910), iii, 213.

† "Richard III," Act 2, Sc. 3.

Sturton, between Retford and Gainsborough, in the time of Shakespeare.* We have Diccons,† Dickons,‡ Dicons,§ Dyckons,|| and finally Dickens;¶ all referring to the same individuals.

It is perhaps a curious circumstance that *Pickwick*, in which many critics profess to detect many blemishes such as characterise the budding of a genius not yet matured—although to be sure, more than one of them discovers precisely similar defects in the period when Dickens's genius should have matured, if it ever did—*Pickwick*, written in the bounding exuberance of youth, contains a greater number of actually verified surnames than any other of Dickens's works—so far as my researches in odd moments are any guide. The name of its central figure calls for some notice.

It is of course well known that the name of Pickwick was discovered to be an actual name long before Dickens's death; for he himself has recorded a certain Moses Pickwick, whose name appeared (I believe) on a Bath coach. Pickwick is a village in Wiltshire; from which, doubtless, that William de Pikewike who is recorded in the "Hundred Rolls" (1273) derived his surname.** I found it in the London Directory for 1923. Yet it is one of those the sound of which seems so essentially humorous, that we take it for granted almost instinctively that it must be a coinage. Its redundant form, Pick-wick, seems to classify it along with such names as Perker, Buz-fuz, and the like. But similar forms, authentic or corrupt, are found all over the world, London, Hong Kong, Mandan (Indians), Canada, Sahara, etc., etc. And Pic or Pick, which is a recognised Saxon personal name, loses its somewhat absurd jingling sound when it is combined with any other of its numerous suffixes. I find in actual existence the surnames of Pick, (not to mention Pike) Pickford (which is surely well enough known) Pickhurst, Picknell, Pickley, Pickhaver, (1600), Pickstone, Pickthorne, Picton, Pickwood, Pickworth; and near Doncaster is a place called Pickburne. This proves sufficiently the abundance of names in "Pick," and the local names from which these surnames were derived (many of them well known in English history and public life) are to be found scattered over England. Of his illustrious followers, I have found all three, Tupman,†† Snodgrass (a perfectly good bithematic Saxon form) and Winkle—in Birmingham, 1850. Weller is much more common than many people suppose; though I have so far met with no instance of them putting it down a "We." *Apropos* of this, and certain criticisms levelled against it, in the "Paston Letters" the name of Valentyne‡‡ is also spelt Walentyne§§ and Volentyne.|||| Judge Yelverton appears as Yelwyrton;¶¶ and Sir John Wood [or Wyd-]ville is spelt as Wydwill and Wydvill in the same letter of John Paston to his brother Sir

* W. H. Burgess, "John Robinson" (The Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers) 1 vol, 1920.

† Burgess, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 16, 371, 402-4.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 400.

|| *Ibid.*, pp. 396, 399.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 401 (1585).

** *Notes and Queries*, 7th S., iii, 175.

†† *N. & Q.*, 2nd S., viii, 245.

‡‡ "Paston Letters," i, 113.

§§ *Ibid.*, ii, 80.

|||| *Ibid.*, iii, 169-72.

¶¶ *Ibid.*, ii, 112, 181.

John.* V. and W. interchanged was common around Spitalfields in 1830, 1847, 1876.†

One would scarcely consider it necessary to labour proof for such names as Wardle (Dingley and Dell are both existent surnames); any more than he would Serjeant Buzfuz's 'Nokes, or Stokes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.' Pell (a lawyer) was known to my mother; I have met with Bilson, but not Slum; a name Dickens must have liked, as witness Mrs. Jarley's disappointed admirer, 'the poetic Mr. Slum.' Bardell (and of course Sanders) but no Cluppins. Of the company at the 'Magpie and Stump,' I have Bamber, Grundy, and Lowton if not Lowten. Bullman and Ramsey (who irritated Mr. Lowten so grievously by 'coming round bothering twice a week' when his affairs 'hadn't been in Chancery quite four years yet') were the names of fellow-Rotarians in a Western Canadian city a few years ago; as they were of neighbouring East Anglians five centuries ago.‡ I have seen Messrs. Sawyer and Allen going on duty on the same Canadian National locomotive more than once. 'Old Lobbs' the great saddler, and his would be son-in-law, Nathaniel Pipkin, are both represented. Slumkey is absent; but Fiskin may deputize for Fizkin. Whiffin, who was ordered to 'proclaim silence' by (and for) the Mayor of Eatonswill, still flourishes. Pott, of course, is a well-known name; and so is Magnus, though I have vainly searched for Peter. Dodson is common; but I have met no Fogg, although I have Fagg. Jackson and Wicks, their two clerks, are common enough; but to see the two gentlemen going out together (again on a locomotive) is somewhat curious. Nupkins is unfortunately lacking; but his absence is partly compensated by the presence of Jinks, Muzzell, Dubley, and Gummer, if not Grummer. The famous Stiggins, and his devotee, Mr. Jonas Mudge, are to be found; and 'the straight-walking Mr. Anthony Humm' may recall a certain John Hum (possibly Hume) who was implicated in the Duchess of Gloucester's evil doings in 1440. I have had to be content without Jingle, though Trotter is known; and Budgen is the nearest approach to Mrs. Budger, his desirable widow. The famous party at Lant Street may be represented (in addition to Lant) by Gunter and Hopkins; and I have Ruddle, if not Raddle, Dowler, Mrs. Craddock, and the taciturn Mr. Martin; all these are familiar. Finally, there is Grub (Grubbs a-plenty) of goblin fame; a respectable total of over forty actual surnames.

Oliver Twist yields a fairly respectable harvest, including some of the more curious ones. I have first of all, Twist himself. Unwin and 'Vilkins,' who followed Oliver on Mr. Bumble's alphabetical roll, are common enough, but I have not—so far—discovered Scrubble. Of the goodly company who foregathered at the 'Cripples,' in addition to Bates and Dawkins, which are names familiar to everyone, I have Fagin, Sikes (rare; being usually Sykes, a famous West Riding name), Claypole, Boulter (Boulter's Lock on the Thames); and Kinchen might

* *Ibid.*, ii, 355-8.

† *N. & Q.*, 5th S., vii, 58, 217.

‡ 1459, 1495, "Paston Letters," i, 441; ii, 204, 235, 391.

be added in this last connection, for it was Mr. Claypole-Bolter's peculiar fitness for 'the kinchin lay' that commended him so heartily to the excellent Fagin. Relative to that very common catchword expression of the Artful Dodger, I have noted Gammon, but no Spinnage. Mr. Fang, the magistrate, is well known to be a very thin disguise for a certain Mr. Laing, whose administration of what was called 'justice' so aroused Dickens's wrath that he was largely instrumental in securing Laing's dismissal. It is not the first use of 'Fang' for a sharp-biting minion of the law. Shakespeare to witness.* I am writing where even Dickens is unobtainable for the nonce; on a freighter on the Pacific. But I believe it is in *Nicholas Nickleby* that the names of Grimble, and Lumbeys, occur; the latter being a doctor. Of the two kindly households who took such an interest in young Oliver (in addition to Fagin), I have Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin, his housekeeper, both represented: likewise both Giles and Brittles, of the house burgled by Sikes and 'flash Toby Crackit'; for whom I have found nothing nearer than Crockett. Of the two 'Bow Street runners,' Duff is well known; but Blatherwick is my closest approach to Blathers. The villain Monks or Marks is represented in both forms. Bumble, Corney, and Sowerberry, have all eluded me, though Sowerby is known; and Mr. Limbkin—the 'blessed gentleman in the white waistcoat as went to heaven last week in a oak coffin with plated handles'—is likewise unattainable.

Such names as the last bring out a peculiar characteristic of Dickens's humorous names. Some of the most telling examples are contrived by simply changing a vowel or initial consonant in perfectly familiar forms. Of this type are Todgers, and Bullamy (the impressive footman of the metamorphosed Mr. Tigg Montague), in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; Towlinson and Miss Tox in *Dombey and Son*; Littimer, Steerforth's man in *David Copperfield*; and the aristocratic family of the Powlers, to which Mrs. Sparsit, in *Hard Times*, belonged. Dickens indulged himself in this in his letters. Rodgers becomes Podgers,† and Morgan, Jorgan;‡ and the late Sir A. W. Ward reminds us that Edwin Trood was host of the 'Falstaff' at Gadshill in Dickens's day.§

Dombey yields but few examples that I have found and with one possible exception, none of the first rank. One would have liked a Toodles, for which 'Richards' is a poor substitute; and among the familiar English 'stocks,' I fear we may look long for Bagstock, although 'J.B.' was a well-known journalistic essayist in London some years ago. Susan Nipper would be delightful; but I have had to content myself with a gentleman named Napper, who from the pugnacious readiness with which he opposed the local representatives of 'them Pipchinses,' might have been her twin brother. The name of Carker (1750) is an actual one. Gay is well-known; and the existence of Gill and Gilson almost proves that of Gills, Walter's uncle, though I have not yet seen it. Following its famous possessor's precept, I took a note of Cuttle when I found it, and likewise of Chick. Feeney is my best substitute

* 2 "Henry IV," ii, 1.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 350.

† *Letters of Charles Dickens*, p. 33.

§ "Charles Dickens" (*Eng. Men of Letters*) p. 144.

for Feenix, and Teets for Toots. Dr. Blimber, whose very name somehow suggests a bat-eyed pedant, has proved undiscoverable; but his second in command, Mr. Feeder, B.A., yields an original (without the degree). For one of the two 'housecarles' of Harthacnut, son of Canute the Great, who were murdered at Worcester in a tax-collecting riot in 1041, was Feader. Sir Parker Peps, the fashionable physician, has an illustrious original in the famous diarist, Pepys, whose name is, I believe, so pronounced (compare Knollys, Knolles, etc., etc.), and doubtless was occasionally so spelt. Alice Marlow or Marwood (for I have seen both names in different editions) is quite common in either form. *Nicholas Nickleby* yields but few, yet one at least is a pearl of great price; one Thomas Squiers, a schoolmaster, who flourished in Warwickshire in 1850.* I grieve to say that Wackford is lacking, though I have Wakeford; which in the free-and-easy days of spelling, when 'black' and 'blake' were merely alternative identical forms, would fuse them into one quite logically. Following the very general principles of nomenclature on our Western side of the Atlantic, the proud mother would confer her own maiden name upon her first-born son; and one could easily conceive of Mrs. Squeers (*née* Wake or Wackford) giving her son the name of Wackford Squeers. In addition to our Squiers, how Dickens would have rejoiced at Birchall, Kain, Thrasher, and Voice, all schoolmasters; Vice, an inspector of police; † Rotton, a fishmonger; Cagg, a butcher; Dokter, a chemist; Barrell, a publican; Rackham, a dentist; (1929) the four above. Burnett, also Colyer, coal merchant; and Treadwell Bros., boot dealers, (1929); Coffin, an undertaker; Killam and Dearden (the idiomatic Sheffield pronunciation of 'dead 'un') two doctors in partnership years ago in that city; and Shimwell Bros., wheelwrights—a 'shim' being a thin wedge with which a dishonest blacksmith or wheelwright would tighten a loose tyre, instead of shrinking it; all true names!

Browdie would probably be spelt Brodie, a common North country name. I have Mobbs, Tompkins, and Bolder. Connected with the great muffin (and crumpet) enterprise I have Bonney and Snooks; Walker, Ferguson, and Murphy need no 'finding.' I have Pyke, but no Pluck; Hawke, but no Verisopht—there being in the latter case abundant local habitation but no name. One Knagge (doubtless an ancestor of Miss and Mr. Mortimer Knag) dwelt in Sturton, Notts., in 1601, ‡ and I have since found Knagg in Sheffield (1929). Of all the gorgeously-bestowed names in the Crummles troupe, I am forced to content myself with Johnson. I have Ruddle, and the selfish Crowlle; and Creevey (of the "Papers") may serve for La Creevy. Bray is common; though I am still searching for Bobster, Cheeryble, or Linkinwater as likewise for Kenwigs, Lillyvick, or Petowker. For

* "Warw. Directory," 1850, p. 458.

† Also in Warw., 1850. Doubtless the criminal element would have profoundly agreed with Pope's dictum:—

"Vice is a monster of such dreadful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

‡ Burgess "John Robinson," p. 378.

one of the very finest characters in the book, I seek vainly for anything nearer than Moggs.

Barnaby Rudge contains (for Dickens) comparatively few characters; and only one really fantastical name, Simon Tappertit. I have a confused recollection of having seen Miggs, but I failed to note it. There is really nothing curious about such names as Varden, Willet, Cobb, Rudge, Gruby, Chester, and Dennis. The same might be said of Haredale and Gashford, though I never happened to see them.

Martin Chuzzlewit gives a few to the Cause; one or two of some interest. America (in this book), in addition to Bevan, yields us Diver, and Brick. I find Mercy, but no Charity; Pecksniff, alas! being beyond hope. I have, however, Pinch and Westlock; Tapley, Mould the undertaker, Mr. Gander of Todgers's, and very nearly Mr. Augustus Moddle, also; for I have Noddle (1600).* I have Bailey, of course, but neither Bullamy nor Slyme, among the dependants or acquaintance of Mr. Tigg Montague. So too, I have Jonas and Martin, but no Chuzzlewit; Chaffey but no Chuffey; Harris is as plentiful in directories as it was undiscoverable in the flesh in Kingsgate Street and neighbourhood; and Prigg has rewarded my efforts, as likewise Mr. Nadgett, the blood-hound of the last act; but these do not compensate for the absence of Sairey Gamp!

David Copperfield bears a singularly meagre harvest. In a list of over 650 English surnames in—wood and 'wood'—in my possession, Trotwood and Beadwood are both lacking. I have Boucher and Poucher, but no Mowcher; Wilkins is no substitute for Micawber; and Omer and Joram are feebly represented by Homer or Oram. It is of no use (for reasons of space) to notice the names I have *not* got. Waterfield is a real name, and I have Krupp if not Crupp. Barkas and Barks are spelt Barkis somewhere I'll be sworn; and Doody may stand for 'Doady,' as Heap has to stand for Heep. But it is not everyone who can say he had Brooks of Sheffield for a school teacher!

Of the three or four hundred characters said to be in *Bleak House*—I have never counted them—little more than a dozen have rewarded my efforts. I have found Summerson and 'Durden'; and Miss Donny should be somewhere, for I have seen the name of Donnison. I have Chadband, Guppy, and his friend the pseudonymous Mr. Jobling; together with Hawdon, the latter's predecessor in the upstairs room in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street, and their common landlord, Krook. Mr. Carstone and Miss Clare, 'the wards in Jarndyce' are both actual names, and for their evil genius, Mr. Vholes, I have Volles. I have Gridley, 'the man from Shropshire.' I have also Bayham and Badger; although Swosser (R.N.) and Dingo (of European reputation) are both unattainable so far, Snagsby and Jarndyce itself are both lacking; though I have Juby and Packer, who preceded Jarndyce in Mr. Snagsby's 'Book.' I have likewise Peffer, the law-stationer's predecessor in Cook's Court. I believe I have seen the name of Rouncewell, but am not sure, 'Steel,' which George the trooper

* Burgess "John Robinson," pp. 378-82.

gave as his name in that northern city which is obviously Sheffield, is a well-known surname there. Of the two political party rolls, I have Boodle (and Noddle if not Noodle) and Buffey; Buckett but not Bagnet, etc. I have Wedlock as my nearest to Dedlock; and Polkinghorne is quite probably the source of Tulkynghorn; but Stables (Hon. Bob) is an actual name. Skimpole and Boythorn are not; and Avins must serve for Coavins. Curiously enough, concerning a name neither fantastic nor improbable, in my afore-mentioned collection of 'Woods' is no Woodcourt; but Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Piper may serve somewhat in their stead.

Little Dorrit bestows its favours somewhat grudgingly, and I have only four or five unquestionable examples. Mr. Casby, 'with that head' is here, but Pancks and Plornish are not; neither have I seen Merdle. Wade is familiar enough; and I have Tite, Barnacle, Dorrett; Fincher, Fincham, and Finch, do not equal Finching; and Clennell is my nearest to Clennam. Both Stiltstalking and Tattycoram have escaped my notice so far; but in San Francisco I actually found Meagles!

Of the lesser-known among Dickens's works there is but little to say. Of two very probable and essentially local English names, in *Hard Times*, Blackpool and Harthouse, I have found neither; the former is very probable in Lancashire, where a few years ago Tyldesley of Worsley and Worsley of Tyldesley were fellow-members of the County Eleven! Sowler is all I can offer for Fowler; but I have at least two of the first water—the failure and the winner on that famous occasion when Thomas Gradgrind, Esq. (the apostle of Facts) requested a definition of a horse:—Jupe and Bitzer. Sleary, of the circus, serves merely to remind us that Kipling's Sleary (who suffered from Epileptic Fits) was not *princeps nominis*.

I have both the names of Mr. Watkins Tottle, in *Boz*; and from *A Christmas Carol* I have two also. Marley (without Scrooge), and Topper, the young gentleman "who clearly had his eye upon the plump sister," and who answered "that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the matter." . . . I nearly caught Cratchit, but found it was only Pratchitt.

Although one must not designate *The Old Curiosity Shop* among the 'lesser-known,' it has proved a minor work for my purpose, I thought I had Quilp (at Sturton, Notts, 1600) but it proved to be Quipp.* Such treasures as Swiveller, Nubbles or Chuckster were denied me; and the best I could get were Trent, and Brass.

Great Expectations yielded one only; Jaggers. *Edwin Drood* is somewhat kinder. I have Jasper, Budd, Bazzard, and D'Archery if not Datchery; and a name which renders Grewgious somewhat less 'impossible'—Levious-Crisp I have; but cannot hope for Crisparkle, although both Miner and Cannon are actual names.

Our Mutual Friend concludes my list. It was stated many years ago by Marcus Stone, R.A., that Venus, the animal and bird dealer,

* Burgess "John Robinson," pp. 389, 390.

was the actual name of an individual engaged in that business in London, and that it was through him that Dickens's attention was drawn to the fact; his father, Frank Stone, being one of Dickens's bosom friends. Willifer comes near to Wilfer, and I have also seen Tippins, Twemlow, and Boffin; but I doubt I shall wait long for the Vencerings. But I have Wegg, and fearfully and wonderfully girt about by circumstance. Everybody remembers the Dickensian Wegg, reading to Mr. Boffin 'this here Decline an' Fall off'; the modern example is an erudite historian, author of "The Decline of Antwerp under Philip II," (1924) !!!

I mentioned the delight with which Dickens would have welcomed some curious surnames, of which it is well known he made a collection. A short supplement of a few actual names of this character may not be amiss.

There are (all collected by myself) Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel, Knee, Legg, Foot, Hand, and Bone, Boot, Slipper and Insole, Steel, Snitch, Tell, Right, Wrong, Watts, Amiss, Stiff, Proud, Just, Upright, Sadd, Gay, Vyle, Worthy, Good, Perfect, Vice, Virtue, Saywell, Doogood, Love, Haight, Shakespeare, Homer, Cruso, Gulliver, Pigg, Hogg, Ham, Bacon, Cattle, Gold, Silver, Diamond, Garnet, Gem, Paste. Food and Guzzell, Town and Village, Bus and Carr, Bibb and Tucker, Print and Proof, Coates and Styles, Hurn and Pay, Bridget and Paddy, Image and Double, Collar and Shirt, Wear and Sturdy (in the same village), Hare and Bobbett, Friend and Stranger, Busst and Squelch, Pott and Kettle, Dash and Holdback, Mess and Pottage, Chataway, Speke, Stammers, Start, and Stares.

There are Sagggers and Jagggers; Buggins, Duggins, Huggins, and Juggins; Higgins, Jiggins, Liggins, Siggins, and Wiggins. Food, Grubb, Coffee, and Beer; Licence, Marriage, Bench, Judge, and Jury; Battin, Bowling, Goodgame, Player (the two last, cricketers in Warw. 1924); Whale, Chub, Peach, Roach, Trout; Unett, Double, Choyce, and Chance; Braddock and Craddock (rather curious; Braddock being 'broad oak'; Craddock - Welsh Caradoc), Goodson, Badson, Badkin, Longson, and Littleboy; all in neighbouring Warw., villages. Wear and Sturdy, in the same place. Kiss, Tickle, Saw and Hurd; Hardman, Huggett, Miss Sweeton, and Mr. Coy; Fidoe, Pugg, and Catt; Loud and Softley, Mills and Looms, Pipe and Organ, Sinnister and Sangwin, Hand, Done, Gurd, and Loyns. Poppy, Tottie, Betty, Pretty, Mr. Deary, Miss Love, Miss Herr, Miss Wink, and (not in the U.S. either), Miss Quenie Kidd, a secretary of a missionary society! Tester, Dance, Halt, Trippas; Port, Sherry, Kileuppe, Tight, and Spare; Howle, Mutter, Lerner; King, Throne, Garter, Commander, Minion; for Cockneys, a Plyer from the Stites. Rotton, a fishmonger; and Shimwell Bros, Wheelwrights ('shims' being used sometimes to tighten a loose tyre). Finally, they have been 'bringing up father' since 1479; Gygges (in "Paston Letters," iii 248.)

UNIQUE ITEMS IN THE SALE ROOMS

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION. 1866. 26 Vols.

Vol. I inscribed

Wednesday Nineteenth June 1867

*Charles Dickens to
Frederic Ouvry this set
of my books. With kind
regards.*

Offered in Catalogue of Maggs Bros., No. 599, 1934

DAVID COPPERFIELD. First Edition, 1850.

Inscribed

*Clarkson Stanfield
With the affectionate regard of
Charles Dickens
Sixth December 1850.*

Sold by Sotheby's, 30th May, 1934, £185.

BARNABY RUDGE. Red Morocco. 1841

Inscribed

*Mrs. Smithson
from Charles Dickens
New Year's Day 1842.*

Sold at Sotheby's, 19th December, 1934. £40.

BARNABY RUDGE. Tan Calf. 1841.

Inscribed

*Mr. Serjeant Talfourd
from his friend
Charles Dickens
Twenty-ninth December 1841*

Sold at American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, December, 1934. \$1100.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. First Edition. Original Cloth. 1861.

Inscribed

*Hepworth Dixon
from Charles Dickens
Christmas 1860.*

Sold at Sotheby's, 14th November, 1934. £62.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. First Edition. Original Cloth. 1843.

Inscribed

*W. C. Macready
From his affectionate friend
Charles Dickens.
New Year's Day 1844.*

Sold at the Ogden Goelet Sale, New York, 3rd January, 1935. \$1150.

DICKENS JUDGED BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS*



IN 1927 M. André Maurois published a volume entitled "Un Essai sur Dickens." In this work the delightful and versatile creator of Colonel Bramble incorporated the substance of four lectures, the text of which had been taken down from his more or less extempore delivery. These lectures were addressed to French students and there was no question, at the time, of authorising their translation. Seven years later, in the light of recent discoveries, M. Maurois decided to amplify somewhat his original text. He also gave his consent to the work thus revised being translated into English, for the following excellent reasons which he gives us in his Foreword: "From letters which hitherto have remained

unpublished, critics and biographers have contrived to depict the character of Dickens in a rather unpleasing light . . . I think they are mistaken. . . . And I think that now that the man and his work are being discussed, these straightforward impressions of a foreigner on the most national of their writers will perhaps interest some English readers."

Following the plan of the original lectures, the book comprises four chapters. In the two first, the author tells the story of Dickens's life, in the third he studies the art of the novelist, and the last is devoted to Dickensian ethics and philosophy.

In the biographical sketch, M. Maurois has marshalled his facts clearly and correctly. The principal phases and incidents of Dickens's life are depicted, for the most part, in their right proportions and their influence on Dickens's books is never lost sight of. M. Maurois has the merit, a rare one among modern biographers of Dickens, of having read Forster not only very thoroughly but also with great acumen: the data on which he has founded some of his most interesting observations are derived from that great source. With contemporary research he is equally conversant. He quotes Gissing, Chesterton, George Moore, Ralph Straus, and the "Memories" of Sir Henry Dickens; even the rubbishy heaps of Mr. C. E. Beachcomber Roberts have not escaped his conscientious investigations. Indeed, the one fault that we might be tempted to find with M. Maurois' biographical study is the significance which he accords to certain "recent discoveries." No doubt the weeks spent by Dickens in tying up and labelling pots

* *Dickens*. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. London: John Lane, 1934. 7s. 6d.

of blacking, his romance with Maria Beadnell, his pre-nuptial tiffs with Catherine and his affection for his sisters-in-law are all points of greater or lesser importance, but it would be mistaken perspective to represent them as the most salient features in the life of the great writer. On the whole, M. Maurois has provided his English readers with an honest, open-minded and up-to-date picture of Dickens's life and personality, and further more this picture is enriched with the many ingenious views and personal touches which are to be expected from such a keen and sensitive student of men and letters.

The second half of the book, devoted to Dickens's art and ethics, is excellent throughout. We must not forget that M. Maurois is writing primarily for Frenchmen, and that one of his objects is to make an essentially English genius intelligible to the Gallic mind. For this reason frequent parallels are drawn between the creations of Dickens and those of Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, and other French writers. In the same spirit of dispassionate observation which he has brought to bear on the complexities of Dickens the Man, M. Maurois has instituted a court of enquiry on the Novelist. After giving an excellent definition of the novel and recalling the fact, so often lost sight of, that the English novel originated with Fielding less than a hundred years before the days of *Boz*, he passes in review the four great faults with which the critics have charged Dickens: that his novels lack construction, that his characters are all of one piece, that he always pursues a moral aim (which is not the artist's business), and finally that he works his plots by methods theatrical and melodramatic. Then M. Maurois rises to Dickens's defence and ably shows that several of the novelist's alleged faults are, in his case, really virtues.

The prevailing element in the philosophy of Dickens, according to M. Maurois, is a determined optimism, a conviction that life is a fight between the good men and the bad, and that the good must eventually win the battle. The French writer believes that "an optimistic philosophy is something which Dickens and the English people have in common." M. Maurois has also some excellent things to say on the subject of French wit as contrasted with English humour, and he shows us how Dickens attacks his "monsters" with humour as his weapon, the monsters being bad men or evil institutions.

In conclusion, M. Maurois develops the following theme: "Dickens is above all a great poet. I give the name of poet not only to those who bring a rhythm into the language, but also, and primarily, to those writers who can perceive and make audible the hidden rhythms of life."

M. Maurois has made a valuable contribution to Dickensian literature. His views are those of a brilliant man of letters who understands and sympathises with the English mind and character, yet remains essentially French in the exercise of his psychological and critical faculties. Following on so many others dealing with

the same subject, his book is rich in novel observations and stimulating thoughts.

In Mr. Hamish Miles's excellent translation the English reader will find every shade of thought and all the simplicity and grace of style of the French original most faithfully and artistically rendered.

* * * * *

Such mistakes as inaccuracies as we have noted in M. Maurois' work are generally of a trifling description:

Page 11. *Lambert* (for *Lamert*), and page 25, *The Omnibuses* (for *Omnibuses*) are errors for which the translator would seem to be solely responsible.

Page 24. When Dickens dropped the manuscript of his first story in the letter-box of "The Monthly Magazine," it was not published in the next monthly number. Not one, but a number of weeks must therefore have elapsed between the despatching of the paper and its publication. The next series of sketches was printed in the *Evening* (not the *Morning*) "Chronicle." Dickens's salary was five guineas a week for his work as a reporter and two guineas per sketch, not seven guineas for his story-telling alone.

Page 30. Sam Weller made his appearance in Part IV of *The Pickwick Papers*, not in Part VI or VII.

Page 33. George Hogarth was not exactly one of the "publishers" of "The Morning Chronicle."

Page 37. Georgina Hogarth did not enter the Dickens household in 1837, immediately after Mary's death, but five years later.

Page 38. "The workhouse was loathed by the common people of England." *The working classes or the poor people* would be preferable.

Page 60. "The death of little Paul chastens Mr. Dombey's pride and restores him to humility." That was not how Dickens wrote the story!

Page 63. Dickens resigned the editorship of "The Daily News," not three months, but less than three weeks, after the publication of the first number.

Page 198. Flaubert's judgment: "How little he cares for Art . . . He is, in my opinion, a giant of a fellow, but second-rate," was not written about Dickens, but about Balzac! Flaubert's opinion of Dickens is quoted by Floris Delattre, in "Dickens et la France." It is to be found in a letter to George Sand: "I have been reading *Pickwick*. Do you know the book? Parts of it are magnificent. But what a badly constructed work! Walter Scott excepted, all English novelists are alike in this respect: no plan. To us Latins, an intolerable fault."

Moreover Mr. Miles's translation of the word *bonhomme* in this paragraph and also on page 119 is somewhat inaccurate.

Page 115. The description of Miss Mowcher as "an invalid character" is somewhat misleading. This lady did not make her appearance in Part I of *David Copperfield*, but in Part VIII.

A. DE SUZANNET.

THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

BY W. MILLER AND E. H. STRANGE

(Continued from page 40)

PART XIV.

OVER.

Outer front cover has the serial number XIV. Inside front cover advertises "Lodge's Portraits" and "The Imperial Classics." Back cover inside is occupied by E. Grattan's announcement that he has bought the remaining unsold stock of the nine volumes of the Court Magazine, with a list of 54 numbers. Outside back cover advertises in two columns ten "New Works Published By Charles Tilt, Fleet Street."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of "The Pickwick Advertiser" of twenty-four pages numbered, and a back inset of eight pages. Page 1 of the Advertiser headed No. XIV, page 3 "The Wasp," "No. 1 will appear on the 4th of May, Price 2d.," with wood-cut and address, pages 4 and 5 advertise in half-measure I to XV, "New Works Published By Charles Knight and Co.," ending with Smith's "Wealth of Nations." Page 8 advertises I to V, "Books Published By Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street, London," page 10 has in half-measure at the bottom of the page three announcements, the first that "A Portrait of Boz, Etched on Steel, by PHIZ, as published in the April Number of the Court Magazine and Monthly Critic." Page 11 announces, left bottom of page, "New Music. The Original Pickwick Quadrilles," page 13, middle right of page, Mary Collins advertises "The Vine Inn, Commercial House, and Family Hotel, Bishopsgate Street Within." Page 15 contains three advertisements, "Mineral Magnets" (for the cure of nervous and functional disorders), "Morison's Pills," and "Reform your Tailor's Mills!!" (in large thick type with wood-cut). Page 17 has in half-measure six announcements, the first "A Chinese Tea Party," page 19 has a wood-cut of a fumigating and steaming method of curing "Toothache," page 21 has three advertisements, the first "Splendid German Asters, Stocks, &c.," of Mr. Carter, Seedsman and Florist, 38 High Holborn, London. Page 24 is headed "Atmospheric Influence Upon the Skin," and advertises Rowland's Kalydor, Macassar Oil, and Odonto.

The back inset after the text, pages 2 to 8 numbered, advertises "New Works Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster Row." The name of the firm appears on each page, 2 to 8.

PLATES.

Two steel plates were etched for each illustration. THE DRINKING PARTY AT BOB SAWYER'S. In the first plate a book lies flat

on top of the hanging shelves, and Ben Allen's left little finger sticks out prominently, details absent from the second plate, in which also a spoon is shown on the floor in front of the table. MR. PICKWICK SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT. In the first plate only the outer top window panes are starred, the next row have rings in their centres. In the second plate all three panes in the top row are starred. The mug on the floor has a handle in the first plate only, the clock shows 6.30, not 7 o'clock as in the second plate.

TEXT.

First issue text differs from the stereotyped second mainly in those general differences which mark a text printed from movable type. There are, however, a few other differences. These are the chief points to be noted :—

Page 416.—Line 24, "out o' all" first issue, "out o all" second.

Page 419.—Line 4 up, the semi-colon imperfect in second issue.

Page 423.—Line 20, the word "phenomenon" should be perfect. It became much broken with printing, until, before the stereotyped second issue, it was replaced by unbroken type. In the stereotyped second issue the 4 of the page number is imperfect, as also lines 24 to 27 last letter.

Page 425.—Line 4, first issue has "the gate," stereotyped second "he gate."

Page 430.—Line 7 up, "N" of "Namby" damaged in second issue, perfect in the first.

Page 432.—Line 8 up, the last letter "e" more or less damaged in first issue, as also the last letter "F" of the head-line. Both were made perfect in the second issue.

PART XV.

COVER.

Outer front cover bears the distinctive serial number XV. Inside is advertised Parts I and II of "Samuel Weller's Illustrations to The Pickwick Club." Back cover inside announces in a double-lined border, "Splendidly Illustrated Work. Cunningham's Gallery of Pictures." Outside are advertised four patent medicines of J. Sanger, "Genuine Patent & Public Medicine Warehouse, 150 Oxford Street, Opposite Bond Street."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of The Pickwick Advertiser before the plates, 16 pages unnumbered, three pages making with the author's address a four-page inset after the plates, and no less than seven items of back advertisements after the text.

Page 1 of the Advertiser bears the distinctive serial number. Page 4 advertises ten "Books of Entertainment and Instruction for Young

Persons," and eight "New Books Published By Mr. Murray." Page 5, i-xv "Guide Books for Travellers on the Continent" by the same publisher. Page 7 has right in half-measure, "The Queer-Fish Society," page 10, top right, "Victoria ! Queen of England," page 11, top left, "Court Mourning," page 13, top left, the royal arms and "Important Reasons for using Bett's Patent Brandy." Page 15 "Embroidery," "British Consul's Office," "How To Get a Good Dressing !!!" printed on the page and not from left to right, and "List of Articles," by Mechi.

Advertisements following on the Address by the author are on page 3 only and consist of "New Works Published By Chapman and Hall." Page 2 "Sketches of Young Ladies," page 3, "Sketches By Boz," third edition of first series and second edition of second series, page 4, i-iii, "Works in the Press."

Advertisements at the back are (1) a four page inset on yellow paper, only first page unnumbered, of John James Rippon, "Established 1820" heading each page. (2) A four-page inset, unnumbered, "Caledonia Illustrata. New Work By Dr. Beattie," first page blank, second wholly occupied by a specimen plate very finely engraved, lower half of page 3 and all of 4 giving "Critical Notices" of the work. (3) "Prize Essay on Sailors. Dedicated, By Special Permission To His Majesty . . . Britannia," pages (1) and 2. (4) An eight-page inset of Allan Bell and Co's Publications, only pages 4, 7, and 8 numbered. Pages (1) and (2) announce "The Artist's Portfolio," (3) and 4 "Literary Novelties, (6) and 7 eight "Diamond Pocket Editions" of the Bible and Prayer Book with four other titles. (5) A four-page inset printed in blue, all pages unnumbered, of Apsley Pellatt. (6) A single sheet, pages unnumbered, "The Popular Works of Mr. Peter Parley, Voyager, Traveller, and Story-Teller." (7) A single sheet in various colours, pages unnumbered, royal arms on first page, underneath which appears in heavy ornamental type "Royal Beulah Spa and Gardens."

PLATES.

Two steel plates were etched for each illustration. MR. MIVINS DANCING IN THE WARDEN'S ROOM. In the first plate there is no loop at the further end of the clothes line, but the signature "Phiz del" is present. Mr. Mivens has a striped waistcoat in the first plate, in the second it is flowered. In the second plate Smangle's shirt is not properly on him but wrapped round him. DISCOVERY OF MR. JINGLE IN THE FLEET. The first plate is signed "Phiz," the second "Phiz del." In the first plate the lower part of the window is broken in outline, unbroken in the second plate. Otherwise differences between the two plates are minute. The second plate for each illustration was lithographed. Not many impressions were obtained in this way, for such impressions are exceedingly rare. They can be detected by the appearance of solid patches of black instead of fine lines, e.g. the neck-opening of the shirt on the line in the first illustration. Fine lines in general are apt to disappear, so that the

signature in lithographed impressions of the second illustration has usually vanished.

ADDRESS.

This gives Dickens's well-known explanation why this Part appeared a month late. First issue shows a space between last two letters of the word "Strand" in the publishers' address at the head of the page, corrected in the second issue, in which, however, the full-stop is missing after "ADDRESS."

TEXT.

There is evidence that this Part was very hastily and heavily printed to meet the enormous and accumulated demand, owing to its late appearance, before being stereotyped. There are very few and slight differences between first and second issue.

Page 438.—Line 21, first and second words imperfectly printed in first issue, not in the stereotyped second. In the latter, however, lines 9 and 10 up the words "little" and "believe" are apt to be very much broken.

Page 439.—In the second stereotyped issue the full-stop at the end of the last line tends to disappear.

PART XVI.

COVER.

Front cover bears outside the serial number XVI. At the bottom there is for this Part and the two next Parts the printers' imprint on either side of the publishers', thus :—

Bradbury and Evans] London : Chapman & Hall, 186 Strand [Printers,
Whitefriars.

Inside the front cover announces, under the heading "AN IMPORTANT ADDITION TO THE PICKWICK PAPERS !" Parts I to III of "Sam Weller's Illustrations to the Pickwick Club," published by E. Grattan, 51 Paternoster Row. Back cover inside announces "New Works on India," i to xiv, published by Wm. H. Allan & Co., 7 Leadenhall Street. Outside are announced "NEW WORKS IN THE PRESS, By A. H. Bailey and Co., 83 Cornhill."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of "The Pickwick Advertiser," eight pages unnumbered. Page 1 bears the serial number XVI. Page 3 advertises at the top of the page "Saunders' Portraits and Memoirs of the Most Eminent Living Political Reformers," page 6 is headed "The Elections," advertising Gowland's Lotion and Shaw's Mindora Oil, page 7 bears four announcements, "Embroidery" and "Dr. John Armstrong's Liver Pills" and "The Original Patent Pin" in half-measure, below in full measure "Reform Your Tailors' Bills !!" in large, thick type with wood-cut.

PLATES.

MR. STIGGINS DISCOURSING. Sam's chair has turned legs in the first plate, in the second the chair legs are straight. There is a spoon in each glass on the table in the first plate, in one glass only in the second. There appears to be a hole in the floor in the first plate, not in the second. MRS. BARDELL RECOGNISING MR. PICKWICK. Sam's hat has a cockade in the first plate, not in the second. There is a rail on the left of the steps in the first plate, not in the second. A dressed fowl has fallen out of Mrs. Bardell's basket in the first plate, it does not appear in the second.

TEXT.

Differences between first and stereotyped second issue are typographical. The main points are the following:—

- Page 468.—Line 28. "c" of "comin'" missing in the second issue, perfect in first.
- Page 477.—The line under chapter is clear and measures $1\frac{5}{16}$ in. in first issue, somewhat broken and $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. in second.
- Page 478.—A faint comma after the last word in the first issue (it should be a full-stop), no punctuation mark at all in second.
- Page 480.—Line 19 up, no inverted comma in "Don't" in second issue, present in first.
- Page 481.—Line 4 up, no dash at end of line in first issue, as there is in second.
- Page 483.—Inverted comma has almost vanished at the end of line 18 in second issue, but is perfect in first issue.
- Page 487.—Last line, comma after "once" in first issue, wanting in second.
- Page 496.—Line 14, "adies" in first issue, "ladies" in second.

DICKENS IN LIVERPOOL

1838.
Nov. 6—With Phiz and Forster at the Adelphi Hotel.
1842.
Jan. 4—Stayed at Adelphi Hotel prior to embarking on s.s. "Britannia" for the United States of America.
1843.
Sept. —With Maclise and Forster to see Macready off to America.
1844.
Feb. 26—Presided at a soirée at the Mechanics' Institution.
1847.
July 28—Played in "Every Man in His Humour" at the Theatre Royal for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. £480 raised.
1848.
June 5—Played in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Love, Law, and Physic" at the Amphitheatre in aid of Curatorship of Shakespeare's House. £451 raised.

1852.

- Feb. 13, 14—Played in "Not So Bad as We Seem" and "Mr. Nightingale's Diary" at the Philharmonic Hall for the Guild of Literature and Art. £1,045 raised.
- Sept. 3—Played in "Used Up" and "Mr. Nightingale's Diary" at the Philharmonic Hall for the same object. £535 raised.

1858. Gave the following Readings at the Philharmonic Hall:—

- Aug. 18—*A Christmas Carol*.
 19—*Dombey and Son*.
 20—*Boots at the Holly Tree Inn* and *Mrs. Gamp*.
 21—*A Christmas Carol*.
- Oct. 15—*Little Dombey* (afternoon), *The Poor Travellers*, *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, and *Mrs. Gamp* (evening).

1862. Readings at St. George's Hall:—

- Jan. 27—*Nicholas Nickleby* and *Bob Sawyer's Party*.
 28—*David Copperfield* and *Bob Sawyer's Party*.
 29—*Nicholas Nickleby* and the *Trial Scene from Pickwick*.

1866. Readings at St. George's Hall:—

- April 11—*Dr. Marigold* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.
 13—*David Copperfield* and *Trial from Pickwick*.
 14—*Little Dombey*.
 27—*Dr. Marigold* and *Nicholas Nickleby*.
 28—*David Copperfield* and *Trial from Pickwick*.

1867. Readings at St. George's Hall:—

- Jan. 18—*Dr. Marigold* and *Trial from Pickwick*.
 19—*A Christmas Carol*.
- Feb. 14—*Dr. Marigold* and *Trial from Pickwick*.
 15—*David Copperfield* and *The Boy at Mugby*.
- Aug. 2—Saw Dolby off to America to arrange Reading tour.
- Nov. 9—Left Liverpool for America per s.s. "Cuba."

1868. Readings at St. George's Hall:—

- Oct. 12—*Dr. Marigold* and the *Trial from Pickwick*.
 13—*David Copperfield* and *Bob Sawyer's Party*.
 14—*Nickleby* and *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*.
 26—*A Christmas Carol* and *Mrs. Gamp*.
 27—*Little Dombey* and *Bob Sawyer's Party*.
 28—*David Copperfield* and *Mr. Chops the Dicarij*.

1869. Readings at the Theatre Royal:—

- April 5—*Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, *Sikes and Nancy*, and *Bob Sawyer's Party*.
 6—*Dr. Marigold* and *Trial from Pickwick*.
 8—*Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, *Sikes and Nancy*, and *Mrs. Gamp*.
 9—*A Christmas Carol* and *Sikes and Nancy*.
 10—Guest at the public Banquet in his honour at the St. George's Hall.

BIOGRAPHY. "HOW NOT TO DO IT"

BY J. W. T. LEY

MR. KINGSMILL'S book* is convincing proof of the fact that one can think oneself into anything. Surrendering yourself completely to some of the 'isms and 'ologies that are abroad in the land, you are presently in danger of thinking yourself into thinking you are thinking. The study of Psychology has its pitfalls and its gins: it has many by-paths that lead to all sorts of weird places. It seems to me that this book may well stand as an awful warning.

It is obvious, of course, that Mr. Kingsmill did not set out with any predilection for Dickens, though I am prepared to believe that he set out with honest intent. The unique popularity of Dickens, he tells us, has interfered with a detached view of him both as a man and as a writer, and he has sought to attain this detachment. It may be attained, he says, "if his popularity is treated not as an isolated phenomenon, to be assailed or exalted, but as a by-product of his genius as a writer, his character as a man, and the forcing-house effect on his temperament of the age in which he grew to manhood." It seems to me that if Dickens's popularity is unique it must be regarded as an isolated phenomenon, and it does not require a long book to demonstrate that it was a by-product—though that is not the right word, for it was the direct result—of his genius as a writer and his character as a man. And if his character was bad or mean then he was the cleverest humbug of whom English letters have any record. But, of course, Mr. Kingsmill is no more successful in attaining this dispassionate point of view than anybody else is likely to be. Nowhere does he manifest that acute antagonism which earned a little brief notoriety for another writer a few years ago, but it is clear from beginning to end that he has never found in Dickens a kindred soul. Very elaborately he has sought to discover what sort of man is revealed in Dickens's books. He has failed for the simple reason that he started with little or no sympathy with his subject.

There can be no doubt but that every man reveals his character in his work. It is true of the carpenter and the boilermaker: it must be truer still of the creative genius. But it is also true that men are prone to see only that which they consciously or sub-consciously desire to see. How easy it would be to deal with Thackeray as Mr. Kingsmill has dealt with Dickens, and show him to have been a man of very mean character indeed. On the other hand, it would be as easy to demonstrate what he was in fact, a sweet but lonely soul. It all depends on the taste and fancy of the speller. If you do not like your author there will be that revealed to you which you are predisposed to find. That is just where Mr. Kingsmill has failed. His book is a remarkable illustration of how inadequately-masticated psychology can cause acute mental indigestion.

* *The Sentimental Journey: A Life of Charles Dickens.* London: Wishart and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

I, of course, am convinced that Dickens was a good man, and it is a matter in regard to which I suppose I may claim some right to express an opinion. I do not account him a demi-god. Mr. Kingsmill no doubt is right when he says that Dickens indulged rather too much in self-pity—though even there I think we people of lesser clay have to be careful how we sit in judgement on men of higher imaginations and therefore acuter sensibilities. "I assure you I am very human" Dickens once said in a speech, and of course he spoke the truth. Had he not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Was he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as all mankind is? If he was pricked did he not bleed? If he was tickled did he not laugh? In short, he has to be judged by reasonable human standards. I claim for him that, judged by those standards, he lived a wholesome life and used the talents his Master had given him as well as in his power lay in the service of his fellowmen. I find nothing of the humbug in the man. I am unaware that he ever made a pretence of occupying a moral pedestal. But I am sure that he tried to be honest and true. I do not claim that that is a virtue particular to him, but it *is* a virtue, and a man of his great gifts so striving is not to be written down as mean and hard.

So that while Mr. Kingsmill and I might set out with the same honest intent we should see totally different things, remark totally different motives. Truth is individual. It is just the light that each man sees, and no two men see the same light—or at any rate no two men see it with the same eyes. That is what makes such a task as Mr. Kingsmill undertook so futile. He has not of course written a "Life" of Dickens; that word has no right of place in his title. He has simply placed a tinted lens in a microscope. That he may have been unaware that it was tinted is neither here nor there; we can only judge the result. The result is a psychological work that is in fact the complete negation of psychology. If I had not found it here I should not have believed in the possibility of the attitude of mind which dictated the following: "Oliver Twist asking the workhouse master for more is a touching image of hope not yet checked by experience, and has the further merit of expressing through an idealised version of the youthful Dickens, Dickens's own permanent conviction that he was entitled to more than he had yet received." (Note the use of that word "merit.") But that quotation could fairly be left to stand as a perfect example of the whole tone and trend of this long book.

I said in the beginning that I was prepared to accept it that Mr. Kingsmill set out with honest intent, and yet—does he honestly believe that this is a true or fair interpretation of Dickens's conscious or sub-conscious intent when he wrote that passage, which has always been regarded as one of the golden passages in our literature? What indeed but an absolute determination to see nought that was good could have dictated the following? "He (Mr. Pickwick) begins as a

pompous old fool, for Dickens to make fun of, and he ends as a *deur ex machina* through whom Dickens can indulge his generosity without any cost to himself." Is that psychology? It seems to me much more like perversity.

You see, if Dickens creates a benevolent character, that is a manifestation of some form of hypocrisy in himself, or of self-pity—of some flaw in his own character; if he creates a villain like Jonas Chuzzlewit, that is only an embodiment of his own obsession with money. Poor Dickens cannot have it either way. Sam Weller's impudence is "merely a vent for Dickens's own social resentments," his knowingness is "a parade of Dickens's knowledge," his disinterestedness "an emotional self-indulgence on the part of his creator." In Mr. Kingsmill's hands Dickens simply has no chance at all. If he creates a comic character like Sergeant Buzfuz, Dickens turns him into an ordinary mortal so that he may "revenge the boredom and irritation he had suffered as a law reporter."

Augustus Moddle is only a caricature of Dickens's self-pity and desire to escape from life—which utterance is in itself proof that Mr. Kingsmill has not only missed the boat but has fallen plump into the water. For it shows how he lacks that quality which was Dickens's greatest asset, a sense of humour. If Dickens could thus caricature one of his own failings, then he had a sense of humour which must have saved him from many of the faults of which Mr. Kingsmill accuses him. But where there's a will there's a way. Mr. Kingsmill has forestalled, if he has not foreseen, that comment, for he proceeds "both originated in Dickens's desire to see his faults from the outside, but this desire was quickly overpowered by his self-love. Pecksniff . . . ought to have embodied Dickens's chief weakness in credible human form. But Dickens, following his impulse to dissociate Pecksniff from himself (a very natural impulse, surely!—that's me, not Mr. Kingsmill) made him into a farcical humbug and still more farcical crook." You are given no choice between penny plain and tuppence coloured; it is all coloured. Whether it is worth tuppence or not is for the customer to decide.

According to Mr. Kingsmill, Dickens gave Bob Fagin's name to the villainous old Jew out of a perverse vindictiveness. If he felt any vindictiveness towards Bob Fagin, what a mean-souled creature he must have been. Of course he was nothing of the kind, and I confess frankly that this sort of thing stirs me to something more than cool comment. Several reviewers have cited the reference to Mr. Vholes. Mr. Kingsmill quotes: "Mr. Vholes is a very respectable man. He has not a large business, but he is a very respectable man. He is allowed by the greater attorneys who have made great fortunes, or are making them, to be a most respectable man. He never misses a chance in his practice, which is a mark of respectability. . . ." and so on. And this is his comment: "Some kind of uneasiness can usually be detected behind Dickens's over emphasis. In the example just given Dickens's discomfort about his own respectability is obvious . . ." etc.

In plain English, what rubbish it all is. We come back to what I said in the beginning. No man can write a detached dispassionate study of any author by such methods, for the simple reason that, however honest he may wish to be, he will see only that which he is predisposed to see. The result must be utterly valueless, and this book is a monumental illustration of that truth. Note how this author deals with *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Dickens had not intended to write a long novel round Little Nell, but "it was too much for his feelings when the development of the plot began to expose Little Nell to the lustful designs of Quilp and the fortune-hunting intentions of the seedy and disreputable Dick Swiveller." So he rushed her and her grandfather away and "this device enabled him to indulge his sentimentalism to the full in the company of Little Nell, and to invigorate himself with the devilries of Quilp or the pleasantries of Dick Swiveller when exhausted for the time being by the painful pleasure of conducting Little Nell towards the grave." Does Mr. Kingsmill mean that Dickens had no pre-knowledge of Quilp's villainies? Apparently he does. Apparently he believes that the evil purposes of that character, who would seem to most readers to have been designedly evil from his conception, presented Dickens with a totally unlooked-for and unexpected, but most acceptable, opportunity of self-indulgence. Which proves what I said just now, that you can think yourself into anything.

And Dick Swiveller. He, like Tony Weller, "might have come in for the backwash of Dickens's sentimentality if he had not hardened Dickens's heart at the outset by daring to form designs on Mary Hogarth, embodied in Little Nell." In other words Dickens had no idea what sort of character he was creating, and that, I submit, is sheer nonsense. I daresay Mr. Kingsmill would retort "What of Mr. Pickwick?" but that of course is the unique case. Mr. Pickwick came into being in accordance with a set plan which was not Dickens's and with which Dickens was never in sympathy, and he evolved into something quite different in accordance with Dickens's own ideas when the author found himself free of that cut and dried plan. In all other cases Dickens knew exactly the type he was creating, and allowed his characters to behave according to their true selves. To say that Dickens grew indignant with Dick because Dick developed designs on Little Nell is to say that which is absurd, and Mr. Kingsmill may realise this if he will but read the book again now that he has been delivered of his grotesque child long enough to be able to sit up and take nourishment. For, as a matter of fact, it is perfectly obvious that Dick is consistently a prime favourite with his creator, while he certainly did ultimately come in for "the backwash of Dickens's sentimentality."

Enough. I conclude by commending this book to all intending commentators on Dickens as the outstanding example of how NOT to do it.



CONTEMPORARY OPINION OF DICKENS'S EARLIEST WORK

BY WALTER DEXTER

HOW Dickens's first piece of fiction appeared "in all the glory of print" a little more than one hundred years ago, is well known from the story told by Dickens fourteen years later in the special preface to the first cheap edition of *The Pickwick Papers*; and it has been repeated countless times since.

But not one of the many commentators on Dickens has yet correctly told how the stories in "The Monthly Magazine," first printed anonymously, and then after eight months signed with that curious *nom-de-plume* "Boz," and the "Morning Chronicle" sketches which followed, gradually grew in popularity until they attracted so much attention that a publisher thought it worth his while to offer the almost unknown author one hundred pounds for the copyright, and to publish them in two volumes at one guinea.

Our present object is to set out for the first time what those few critics who had the discernment to notice them thought of the stories at the time, and how their appearance from time to time over a period of two years gradually increased the young author's popularity and fame, and led to the commission from Chapman and Hall to write the book which set Dickens gloriously along the road to literary fame.

It has never been customary for newspapers and the weekly and monthly publications to refer at any great length to the fiction appearing in their contemporaries. Such notices as are given are usually very brief, and mostly confined to the topical interest in the more serious articles. Although according to James Grant ("The Great Metropolis," 1836) "The Monthly Magazine" was one of the most readable of the monthlies, and well conducted, it did not have a large sale, and it did little or no advertising, and rarely paid its contributors. The question of advertising no doubt affected the review space accorded to it. The literary weeklies like "The Athenæum," "The Examiner," "The Age," "The Atlas," ignored it altogether, their pages being devoted to more serious publications; and the newspapers, with one exception, did the like. That exception was "The Weekly Despatch," which made a regular feature of reviewing the more popular magazines. In the issue for December 8th, 1833, in noticing the December number of "The Monthly Magazine" the writer does not even include as "among the best of the narratives" the story which had caused Dickens such "tears of joy and pride" and made him so dreadfully nervous that his hand shook to such an extent that he could not write legibly to his friend Kolle to tell him that the paper he had seen upon his table a few weeks before entitled "A Sunday out of Town" was actually in print in "The Monthly Magazine" under the title of *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*.

It was the same with the January and February (1834) numbers containing *Mrs. Joseph Porter "over the way,"* and *Horatio Sparkins*. There was no contribution by Dickens to the March number, but in April appeared *The Bloomsbury Christening*, and at last the fresh sparkling humour of the anonymous writer brought him a special notice, the first we have been able to discover. "Among the amusing papers is *The Bloomsbury Christening*," says "The Weekly Despatch" of April 6th, 1834. A slight recognition perhaps, but an important one which must have given great encouragement to the young parliamentary reporter.

Next month appeared the first part of *The Boarding House* and this with two others was picked out by the "Despatch" as being "excellent in their way."

The second part of the story did not appear until three months later. We have not yet been able to discover what was happening between Dickens and Captain Holland, the editor-proprietor of the magazine, to cause this delay. Perhaps the novelty of seeing his work in print was wearing off; we know that money must have been a very important item with the household in the Bentinck Street lodgings, with the Micawber-like father content to exist on his small government pension, eked out with occasional journalistic work, and the large group of brothers and sisters. Perhaps Dickens was pressing for remuneration, and withheld the second part until something was forthcoming; but we are assured that no payment was made for any of the contributions to the magazine, and if Dickens was not able to extract a few guineas from the proprietor, he at least seems to have successfully gained a point in insisting that his work should be recognised in some other form, and so we find that when the second part did appear in the August number, there was appended to it the signature "Boz," the quaintness of which no doubt did more to bring him before the notice of the people who mattered, than ever the name of "Dickens" would have done. We know how the name was derived, but why Dickens used a *nom-de-plume* instead of his own name has never been explained. Perhaps with his keen business perception he saw that it would prove more attractive.

August, 1834, was indeed a red-letter month for Dickens: for, although the writer of the reviews in "The Weekly Despatch" considered the story as "A severe trial to one's patience," here, at last, was another recognition of his work, and the public, having their attention drawn to it, could form their own opinion. Then, too, the month witnessed the appointment of Dickens to the permanent staff of the most important Whig paper of the day, "The Morning Chronicle."

For the past year or so, he had been employed on his uncle's paper "The Mirror of Parliament"; but that work, although well paid, was only for the all-too-short parliamentary session. While in the gallery of the House of Commons he had struck up a friendship with Thomas Beard of "The Morning Herald," an experienced journalist a few years older than himself. "The Morning Chronicle" had

lately changed ownership, and reorganised its reporting staff. Beard was taken on, and he in turn recommended Dickens, who had already made a name for himself as one of the best shorthand writers in the Gallery, having been specially praised by Mr. Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) for his accurate reporting of his important speech on the Irish Disturbances Bill. Probably, too, Beard had shown John Black, the editor, the work which his young friend had been contributing to the magazine; at any rate, further recognition was not long in coming. In the month after joining the staff of "The Morning Chronicle" an innovation was made in morning journalism; there occasionally appeared a special descriptive article signed "Boz," under the general title of "Street Sketches." Four such sketches appeared before the end of 1834.* Truly was John Black later described by Dickens as his "first hearty out-and-out appreciator."

The Steam Excursion appeared in the October number of "The Monthly Magazine" and, although the "Despatch" said "There are many amusing articles in this number of the Monthly and some are of a high character," no mention was made of Dickens's contribution; yet the name of Boz was gaining ground. September, October, and November saw the "Street Sketches" by him in "The Morning Chronicle"; in January (1835) appeared the first part of *A Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle* in the Monthly, and another reviewer began to take notice. This time it was the Sunday paper "The Observer" where the following eulogy appeared in the issue of January 4th. "The 'Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle' is full of wit. The interest of the reader is kept up to the last and provokingly enough, just at the moment when we are all anxiety to know what has become of Mr. Tottle and Miss Lillerton, the author suddenly breaks off, and tells us we will know all about it next month. Generally it is a happy deliverance to get to the end of an article, here we are extremely disappointed, and feel disposed to abuse the author for making us the sport of his whims."

His own paper, too, was not unmindful of the career their own man was carving out for himself, and the first public recognition of his work was given by them a few days previous to the issue of the above-mentioned notice in "The Observer." In reviewing "The Monthly Magazine" on the first of January, 1835, "The Morning Chronicle" said, "The next paper is by a much-admired occasional contributor to our own columns, Boz, describing a passage in the life of Mr. Watkins Tottle; and for a paper commencing with the words 'Matrimony is proverbially a serious undertaking,' is one of the most laughter-provoking we have ever read."

Here was praise indeed; but fresh honours were soon to fall upon "Boz."

On the other hand, "The Weekly Despatch," still hard to please,

* As we pointed out in *The Dickensian*, 1934, pages 105-111, the existence of these four sketches has been overlooked by all previous writers, who have stated that Dickens's first fictional work done for the newspapers appeared in "The Evening Chronicle" on its first appearance in January of the year following.

briefly dismissed the first part of the story with the remark that it did not please them. Apparently they did not yet understand the new form of humour which had proved so great an attraction for "The Observer," for, in noticing the final part of the story in the February number, the same paper said, "There is little humour in Mr. Watkins Tottle's adventures."

Within a very few days *Sketches by Boz* was published in two volumes, and obtained many long and appreciative reviews. Two months later the first part of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* appeared to set the seal on this new humorist. Contemporary reviews of both these books will appear in later numbers of *The Dickensian*.

BLACKING AND BLACKING-BOTTLES

By WILLIAM CROSBY BENNETT



THERE is hardly a novel written by Dickens in which, directly or indirectly, blacking does not play a part. Our first introduction to the immortal Samuel Weller, in the yard of the White Hart Inn, shows him busily engaged as the "boots" of the establishment, and on the arrival of the Pickwick party at Dingley Dell it will be recalled that a "large-headed, circular-visaged" individual at Manor Farm polishes Mr. Pickwick's shoes "till his corns were red-hot"; Oliver Twist, recaptured by Fagin's gang, is set to work shining the boots of the Artful Dodger, or "japanning the trotter cases" as that humorous person calls the operation, and Bumble, the puffed-up Beadle, remarks in the same book on the ingratitude of the pauper patient declining to take medicine put up

in a blacking-bottle; into *Little Dorrit* Mr. Barnacle drags in the blacking trade when he mentions the possible businesses of Mr. Dorrit; Tim Linkinwater, enumerating the attractions and glories of City Court, points to the window of Number 6. "There were hyacinths there last Spring," he tells Nicholas Nickleby, "blossoming in—but you'll laugh at that, of course." "At what?" (asks Nicholas). "At their blossoming in old blacking-bottles"; among its miscellaneous assortment of old bones, waste paper and the like, Krook's junk shop, in *Bleak House*, is stocked with a plentiful supply of empty blacking-pots; and so on. The Dickens lover will find many other references.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," sings Longfellow. In the case of Dickens, his old American friend might have added, "and its sorrows are among the bitterest." The novelist never forgot his miserable blacking warehouse experiences in that crazy, dirty, tumble-down structure on the waterfront, where, a hungry and forlorn lad of ten, he pasted labels on blacking-pots at six shillings per week.

He has himself poignantly described the shame he felt in his position ; the misery it was to his young heart to realise that day by day that which he had learned and thought and delighted in, and raised his fancy and his emulation by, was passing away from him, never apparently to be brought back any more. " My whole nature," he continues, " was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children ; even that I am a man ; and wander desolately back to that time of my life." Is it to be wondered that such bitter experiences should influence his writings later on ? Indeed, we know it comes out openly enough in the early pages of *David Copperfield*, with only one slight difference in actuality—David was set to work in the ramshackle establishment of Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse in Blackfriars ; Dickens in Jonathan Warren's tumble-down establishment at Hungerford Stairs. David pasted labels on wine and spirit bottles ; Charles on blacking-pots. Their remuneration was the same ; their sufferings identical.

Later on, however, these warehouse days made excellent copy. Long before *Copperfield* Dickens took many a shot at the Warren product over which he had toiled so unhappily in his youth. Often expressed under the guise of humour, it was none the less caustic. Don't you remember that memorable introduction to Sam Weller, mentioned above ? " Mr. Samuel," Dickens writes, " brushed away with such hearty good will that in a few minutes the boots and shoes, with a polish which would have struck envy to the soul of the amiable Mr. Warren (for they used Day and Martin at the White Hart) had arrived at the door of Number 5." It is needless to add that in Dickens's time, Day and Martin was a rival blacking concern. All Dickensians know that.

Again, further on in *Pickwick*, in that famous scene of Tony Weller and his son Sam collaborating over the Valentine, Dickens takes another pot-shot at Warren.

" 'Tain't in poetry, is it ? " interposed his father.

" No, no," replied Sam.

" Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. " Poetry's unnat'ral, no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a Beadle on Boxin' Day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows."

Mr. Slum, the advertising poet in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, interviews Mrs. Jarley, the proprietress of the famous Waxwork, thus :—

" It's the delight of my life to have dabbled in poetry ; is there any little thing I can do for you ? " asks Mr. Slum.

" It comes very expensive, sir," replied Mrs. Jarley, " and I really don't think it does much good."

" Hush ! No, no ! " returned Mr. Slum, "—ask the perfumers, ask the blacking makers, ask the hatters—. I've got a little trifle here—exactly the thing you wanted to set the place on fire with. It's an acrostic—the name this moment is Warren, but the idea's a convertible one, and a positive inspiration for Jarley." Much fun had been poked

at a snarling cat scratching at its reflection on a polished boot and the would-be poetical acrostic in Warren's advertising matter, but Mrs. Jarley knew it not. She and Mr. Slum finally came to an agreement on the purchase of the poem for three and sixpence.

Although the product of Jonathan Warren's blacking warehouse became widely known and used, it was the house of its rival, Day and Martin, with years of shining achievement to its credit, that appealed to the imagination of the authors. Other writers than Dickens give it mention—among them Carlyle and George Eliot—and in Tom Hood's rippling poetry may be found this tribute to the blacking makers :—

“Not Radelyffe's brush did e'er design
Black forests half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall ;
The Chinese cake dispersed a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.”

Perhaps the history of the founding of this concern had something to do with casting the glamour of romance around it. Martin, so the story goes, was a Yorkshire hairdresser and surgeon-barber, who let out the blood of his customers, not with an accidental slip of the razor, but in his practice as a semi-surgeon. One day a sick and worn-out soldier appeared at his shop. The man had neither money for a shave or blood-letting. Martin took him in and gave him food and shelter. The grateful recipient, on dying, willed him his sole possession—a recipe for making shoe blacking. The soldier had invented it while in the army, and the product had been used with great satisfaction

by military men. Martin called in his cousin Day, and together, back in the reign of good King George the Third, they founded the Day and Martin blacking enterprise in London. For one hundred and fifty-five years it flourished—handed down from father to son—and finally ceased its existence as a separate firm some ten years ago, surviving the house of Warren by nearly half a century. Day and Martin is a name still dominant in the shoe-polish world, but if a time should come when it is used no more, as long as Dickens is read Day and Martin will live on—“the fly of blacking preserved in the amber of literature,” as one writer puts it.



DICKENS THE SATIRIST

By MABEL EVANS

SATIRE is "essentially a criticism of man and his works" and "its chief instruments are irony, sarcasm, and invective." This definition may be gleaned from any reliable dictionary.

Satire, as applied to Dickens, is therefore a wide subject. As a means of literary expression it has always been popular and was even more so among the writers of Dickens's day. It is not surprising, therefore, that he is well to the fore in the use of this method of approach to his subject and, indeed, he has been frequently accused of allowing his zeal to overrun his

discretion in this direction.

It is most unfortunate that for every real reader and student of Dickens there are ten whose knowledge of him is limited to a general impression of the illustrations of Phiz and Cruikshank. Hence the oft-repeated views expressed by his critics that no such grossly exaggerated persons existed. If we are to weigh the whole of Dickens's satire at its true worth, we should at once put these illustrations out of our mind, as far as is humanly possible. The artists mentioned were, after all, the fashionable means of artistic expression in their day, just as Bateman, Beerbohm and others are expressive of present-day types.

It is also necessary to define the standard by which the satire is to be measured, and to do this we must clearly realise that there are two broad types of satire; one is a whip which is designed to hurt, and in this case the victim must merit the beating and the beating be just according to the crime.

Or it may be the satire of pure fun, in which case the laugh must not be obtained at the expense of the innocent victim. It is clear that Dickens's principal use of satire is in his exposure of hypocrisy, and in studying his books closely for these examples we are interested to discover how many examples may be found.

Everywhere we find people striving diligently to make the world believe they are what they are not, and sometimes even convincing themselves in the process. Dickens deals with such characters as they deserve. He does more than this. By his masterly introduction to these objects of his satirical pen, he gives a lead or bias, call it what you will, that leaves the picture of such a man clearly and strongly defined. We have no illusions about any of Dickens's hypocrites. We know them and their works almost after the first introduction, which may consist of pages of genealogical dissertation on the family tree of the Chuzzlewits, or may be contained in those illuminating words, "Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man."

Consider the names with which this arch satirist labels his hypocrites. Pecksniff, Uriah Heep, Chadband, Podsnap, Pumblechook, Veneering,

Stiggins, Squeers, to name a few ; could these names possibly conjure before us anything else but the figures of falsity they are meant to convey ?

Let us meet, at a very select party, the Veneerings, and let Dickens make his introduction. We have grasped the fact that the name of our host is Veneering. It almost prepares us for what follows, " Everything about them was spick and span and new. All their furniture was new, all their servants were new, their plate was new, their harness was new, their horses were new, their pictures were new, they themselves were new, and they were as newly married as was compatible with their having a brand new baby. All these things were in a high state of varnish and polish and what was observable in the furniture was also observable in the Veneerings—the surface smelt a little too much of the workshop and was a trifle sticky." Realising that the Veneerings are perhaps a little too sticky for our palate, we turn to greet the Lammles. He " with too much nose in his face, too much ginger in his whiskers, too much torso in his waistcoat, too much sparkle in his eyes, his buttons, his talk, his teeth." We turn to greet a " too, too smiling man with a fatal freshness. . . Mr. Podsnap is well to do and stands very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion." His house is of hideous solidity. He has thriven exceedingly, so all is well with Mr. Podsnap's world and if he is told that all is not well with anybody else's world, he just does not believe it and sweeps the suggestion away with a flourish of his arm.

There is still another little man whom we must meet before leaving this select party. He is a quiet little man, in neat little shoes and neat little silk stockings of a bygone period. He seems in great distress of mind and seems to be looking hither and thither as though he still has to meet more of Veneering's closest friends. Dear Little Mr. Twemlow. We like you and despite your garb of gentle satire, we realise that we are expected to like you and that your only crime is the innocent, almost heroic, one of " keeping up appearances."

Let us now meet Mr. Pecksniff, the " moral man." " His very throat was moral, you saw a good deal of it." You looked over a fence of white cravat and there it lay, a valley, between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, " There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace, a holy calm pervades me."

We are told that Mr. Pecksniff was, or pretended to be, an architect. This does not matter ; if he had been a plumber, butcher, or Prime Minister, he would still have been Pecksniff. If you want to insult a man to-day, you may call him Pecksniff. There is no more abusive name in the English language. Even if the object of your scorn has read nothing beyond the Sunday newspapers he will understand what you mean if you call him Pecksniff. Here is the masterpiece of Dickens's satire. There is no weakening, no crumbling of this mighty edifice of lying, unctious moral abortion. Even in the hour of his exposure by old Anthony he is imperturbably benign and forgiving. " Charity, my dear," he says to his daughter, " when I take my

chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me this injustice."

We turn to study another victim of Dickens's lashing satire. In his treatment of Uriah Heep, who, if he were anything like the curious character so often portrayed on our stage and platform, would never deceive anybody, Dickens is not above criticism. We feel that somehow Heep is not an honest-to-goodness hypocrite. He is more than that. Abominable in his progress yet he is also a victim. A victim of that society which had taught him to be humble in the presence of his betters. "Father and me," says Uriah, "was both brought up at a foundation school for boys; and mother, likewise brought up at a public sort of charitable establishment. They taught us a deal of 'umbleness.'" "We was always to know our place, and abase ourselves before our betters, and we had such a lot of betters." There we have the key to the slimy, stealthy methods of this Ishmael among his fellow men. He works hard in the service of Wickfield and in his study of Tidd's Practice. Quite rightly he wanted his reward and it is not always certain even in this democratic age that men in his position do get such reward. It is not at all improbable that had Heep been an honest man, he would have had all the work and Wickfield all the profit; a situation only a little less unjust than the one he sought to bring about. If Dickens thought of this aspect of the case he was too wise a publicist to mention it; for although he went a long way in advance of his time, even he could only exploit to a limited extent the doctrine of a labourer being worthy of his hire. By corruption and infamy Heep sought to overthrow the subjugation of a society which insisted that the low-born should realise their inferiority and abase themselves before their betters. and even David Copperfield is allowed a glimpse of the great truth when, in viewing the ultimate end of Heep, he ponders on the seed that had produced such a harvest.

Very different is Dickens's treatment of such men as Stiggins, the oily Chadband, and the belligerent Honeythunder. By his weapon of ridicule he pricks the bubbles of their self-complacency and imposture. The Rev. Stiggins, while himself under the influence of pineapple rum, preaches on the vice of intoxication, which he likens to the filthy habits of the swine. At this point of his discourse "the reverend and red-nosed gentleman became singularly incoherent, and staggering to and fro in the excitement of his eloquence was fain to catch at the back of a chair to preserve the perpendicular."

Mr. Chadband is a "large yellow man, with a fat smile and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system." "He moves softly and cumbrously, not unlike a bear who has been taught to walk upright." "He is very much in a perspiration about the head and never speaks without first putting up his great hand as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them." He tries to prove poor Joe to be nothing more than an outcast and reprobate, and Dickens shows his opinion of such men as Chadband in these

words, "It may be, Joe, that there is a history so interesting and affecting even to minds as near the brute as thine, recording deeds done on this earth for common man, that if the Chadbands removing their own persons from the light, would but show it to thee in simple reverence, would but leave it unimproved, would but regard it as being eloquent enough without their modest aid—it might hold thee awake and thou might learn from it yet."

Rather different, but just as abhorrent to Dickens, is Luke Honeythunder, the Philanthropist, who "was always something in the nature of a Boil upon the face of society: his philanthropy was of the gunpowderous sort, that the difference between it and animosity was hard to determine." He walked in the middle of the road, shouldering the natives out of the way and loudly developed his scheme for making a raid on the unemployed, clapping them into gaol, and forcing them, on pain of prompt extermination, to become philanthropists. "Curse your souls and bodies, come here and be blessed" is his cry. So Dickens treats these ministers of the gospel, who by their words and deeds falsify their religion just as surely as did the Pharisees of old time.

His attacks on such people as the rascally Squeers and the abominable Mrs. Gamp, Bumble, and Bounderby, the bully of humility, were far-reaching in their results. Squeers and his kind were to be abolished by such pictures as that Dickens gives of Dotheboys Hall, or Squeers feeding himself with hot buttered toast and beef and instructing his unfortunate victims to "subdue your appetites and you've conquered human nature." Bumble, the priest of that officialdom which believed that the parochial safeguard was to give the "paupers exactly what they don't want and then they get tired of coming."

It is convenient at this point to consider a type which Dickens uses with his satirical pen. A type which can hardly be described as hypocritical but who, nevertheless, do untold harm. They are usually victims of some sort of mania which leads them to make one object subservient to all others, unmindful of duty or obligations. Here Dickens shows fine discrimination. Consider for a moment his treatment of the old Grandfather in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, whose mania for gambling ends in mental collapse. A clear pathological case and, as portrayed by Dickens, probably one of his gentlest satires. In this class we might place Mrs. Jellyby and Mrs. Pardiggle with their mistaken zeal for children of darkest Africa.

The lighter satires are just as scathing in their treatment. Mr. Pumblechook is silly, mischievous, and exasperatingly pretentious and portentous. The Kenwigs with their petty snobbery; their little girls went to "dancing class and they were very genteel people on account of Mrs. Kenwigs having an Uncle who collected the Water Rate." Dickens disliked this pretentiousness as much as he disliked the class distinctions of such men as Sir Leicester Dedlock. He ridicules also the stuffy furniture of his day and gives us clear-cut pictures of the heavy furnishings and depressing atmosphere of the houses of Mr. Dombey and Mr. Podsnap, and the cold grandeur of Chesney Wold.

In *Refreshments for Travellers* he pokes his stick of ridicule into the "old established Bull's Head . . . with its ailing sweetbreads in white poultices . . . stringy fowls with lower extremities like wooden legs," and its pastry like "roofs of spermaceti ointment erected over half an apple or four gooseberries."

These pen pictures, deftly worded as they are, convey so much to us of the stuffy Victorian England that Dickens knew and laughed at.

In turning to Dickens's satire, as employed in the exposure of social evils, we may roam over a very wide field. Denunciation of the Poor Law system, notably in *Oliver Twist*, Imprisonment for Debt as exposed in *Little Dorrit* and in a lesser degree in *The Pickwick Papers*, are satires which are too well known to require elaboration. So are the constant attacks of Dickens on the methods of legal administration as shown in *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* and in *Bardell v. Pickwick*, the sarcasm of which penetrated even the legal minds of his own day. The onslaught on Private Schools, the Circumlocution Office, Capital Punishment, and many other social abuses, never failed to rouse the ever-ready pen of his satire.

There are many methods of urging reform and if you are a reformer, purely and simply, you can range over all of them and use any method you like. Dickens chose his novels and this meant that, as a rule, the sections devoted to reform had to be relieved by passages usually, but not invariably, of a humorous tone, in order to maintain the readers' interest or point the moral. The danger of this method lies in the fact that the reader so often remembers the high lights of the story and forgets the rest. Popular misconception begat in this way is common, and it is not surprising that Dickens, a writer of the people and for the people, should suffer in this manner.

Indeed, it is his ability as a writer to evolve such striking situations which leads the general public astray. For instance, if one were to ask the first average citizen one met what he thought of *Oliver Twist*, it is an even chance that he would say, "Oh yes, he was the little beggar who asked for more," and might even point to the story as an example of greed, or high moral courage in adversity. The incident was actually the connecting link (none the less magnificent as a narrative) between two impressive attacks on Poor Law administration. Similarly, of the whole story of Dotheboys Hall, little remains in the popular idea but the Brimstone and Treacle incident and, possibly, the somewhat melodramatic adventures of Smike. Yet the story itself raised the whole country to a white heat of indignation and Dickens was threatened with libel actions by uneasy schoolmasters. There are many such anomalies. Dickens's constant attacks on the Law Courts and Lawyers, which continued almost throughout his writings, have left in the popular mind an incongruous collection of odd points—Sydney Carton's epitaph, Sergeant Buzfuz on "Chops and Tomata Sauce," "Jarndyce all swallowed up in costs," etc., etc. Yet, with all this, Dickens was as influential as the next man in bringing legal administration to its present state which, though far from perfect, is infinitely better than it was in 1870.

It may well be that our present impressions of the force of Dickens's satire are like an old shilling, worn with constant use, until only a faint outline of the king's head remains. If this is so, it is well that we mint a new shilling and get a newer impression, clear and sharp in every detail, by reading again and again the works of this great satirist.

MRS. GAMP ON MRS. HARRIS



“**A**S a good friend of mine has frequent made remark to me, which her name, my love, is Harris, Mrs. Harris through the square and up the steps a turnin' round by the tobacker shop, 'Oh Sairey, Sairey, little do we know wot lays afore us !' 'Mrs. Harris ma'am,' I says, 'not much, it's true, but more than you suppose. Our calculations, ma'am,' I says, 'respectin' wot the number of a family will be, comes most times within one, and oftener than you would suppose, exact.' 'Sairey,' says Mrs. Harris, in an awful way, 'Tell me wot is my indiwiddle number.' 'No, Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'ex-cuse me, if you please. My own I says, 'has fallen out of three-pair backs, and had damp doorsteps settled

on their lungs, and one was turned up smilin' in a bedstead unbeknown. Therefore, ma'am,' I says, 'seek not to proticipate, but take 'em as they come and as they go.' 'Mine,' said Mrs. Gamp, 'mine is all gone, my dear young chick.'”

* * * * *

“I says to Mrs. Harris only t'other day ; the last Monday evening fortnight as ever dawned upon this Piljian's Projiss of a mortal wale ; I says to Mrs. Harris when she says to me, 'Years and our trials, Mrs. Gamp, sets marks upon us all.'— Say not the words, Mrs. Harris, if you and me is to be continual friends, for sech is not the case.' 'I ast your pardon, ma'am,' says Mrs. Harris, 'and I humbly grant your grace ; for if ever a woman lived as would see her feller creeturs into fits to serve her friends, well do I know that woman's name is Sairey Gamp.'”

* * * * *

“'Mrs. Gamp,' says Mrs. Harris, 'if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteen pence a day for working people, and three and six for gentlefolks—nightwatching being a extra charge—you are that inwallable person.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears 'em.'”

* * * * *

“Says Mrs. Harris, with a woman's and a mother's art a beatin' in her human breast, says she to me, 'You're not a goin', Sairey, Lord forgive you !' 'Why am I not a going, Mrs. Harris ?' I replies. 'Mrs. Gill,' I says, 'was never wrong with six ; and is it likely, ma'am—

I ast you as a mother—that she will begin to be unreg'lar now? Often and often have I heerd him say,' I says to Mrs. Harris, 'meaning Mr. Gill, that he would back his wife agen Moore's almanack, to name the very day and hour, for ninepence farden. *Is it likely, ma'am,*' I says, 'as she will fail this once?' Says Mrs. Harris, 'No, ma'am, not in the course of nater. But,' she says, the tears a fillin' in her eyes, 'you knows much betterer than me, with your experience, how little puts us out. A Punch's Show,' she says, 'a chimbley sweep, a new-fundlan' dog, or a drunken' man a comin' round the corner sharp, may do it.' So it may, there's no denying of it; and though my books is clear for full a week, I takes a anxious art along with me, I do assure you, sir."

* * * * *

"If you have anythink to say contrairy to the character of Mrs. Harris, which well I knows behind her back, afore her face, or anywheres, is not to be impeaged, out with it, Betsey. I have know'd that sweetest and best of women ever since afore her First, which Mr. Harris who was dreadful timid went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs. And I have know'd her, Betsey Prig, when he has hurt her feelin' art by saying of his Ninth that it was one too many, if not two, while that dear innocent was cooin' in his face, which thrive it did though bandy, but I have never know'd as you had occagion to be glad, Betsey, on accounts of Mrs. Harris not requiring you. Require she never will, depend upon it, for her constant words in sickness is, and will be, 'Send for Sairey!'"

THE LATE MR. R. C. H. MORISON

By the death of Mr. R. C. H. Morison, which took place on 10th February, the Edinburgh Branch loses one of its choicest members and leading spirits. He was largely responsible for its success, having been associated with the branch since its inception. He was President for ten years, from 1921-1931, and on retiring from that position was the recipient of a presentation and made Hon. President. Mr. Morison was a familiar figure at Annual Conferences and could always be relied upon for some excellent recitals at the informal gatherings on those occasions. His was a charming personality and his loss will be keenly felt by many throughout the Fellowship.

He was a Director in the old established publishing house of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, with which firm he had been associated all his working life, sixty years, and was a prominent leader in the literary circles of Edinburgh.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Morison and her family and to the Edinburgh Branch in the loss of our good friend, whose services to the Fellowship will be ever held in grateful remembrance.

CONFERENCE AT LIVERPOOL

PREPARATIONS for this are well in hand, and we look forward to a record gathering on May 31st to June 3rd. Full particulars will be forwarded to all Branch Secretaries in due course as usual.



"The Two Brewers"

THE SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP PORTERS

A NEW VIEW

By GEORGE F. YOUNG

THE first I heard of it was from Edwards; and I would have laid all Lombard Street to a China orange that his correspondent was wrong. But for what it was worth, I put the case to the Editorial Chair. "Yes, yes, yes. Younger is an old Headquarters' member, and knew Limehouse before you were born. So as he suggests The Two Brewers as a third candidate for the honour of Rogue Riderhood's patronage, you'd better 'do' all three and see what you can make of them."

Hence this story of three riverside taverns; two having long standing claims as being the original of The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters of *Our Mutual Friend*; the third hitherto making no claim at all.

My holiday spent ashore oscillating between Wapping and Limehouse piers proved the complete change I needed. The park that was once Shadwell's fish market served as an excellent Winter Garden. Being right on the river front, it is highly recommended. The "pubs" provided healthy entertainment, but proficiency in shove-ha'penny and darts is not expected of the visitor. The stakes are "pints all round." You lose and pay your footing. And it's cheap.

Unquestionably the uncrowned King of Wapping is The Prospect of Whitby. To take your refreshment on its balcony is to live and to dream. Across the river is the balconied Angel and Cherry Garden Pier. The old Church of St. Mary Rotherhithe near by awakens memories of going "Down Town" with George R. Sims and, of more recent date, the hours spent with friends Brooks and Major looking for possible Mill Pond Banks and bow-windows for Mrs. Whimple. We had great expectations. Execution Dock and Wapping Old Stairs lead to thoughts of the degraded Captain Kidd; the neighbouring workhouse building, and the improvements in the Poor Laws since Dickens paid his visit. Eastwards is Shadwell Basin which, with its Church, is referred to in *Bound for the Great Salt Lake*. Limehouse Church completes the picture, though at first sight it might be mistaken for a man-o-war coming up-stream and its flagstaff for the ghost of Abigail Potterson giving orders from the bridge.

Then, the house itself. Old, roomy and clean. Mr. Bean, as all such landlords should be, large. His lady very much less so. Both generous, cheery and obliging.

Meditating thus on the balcony, and wondering what work was like, I noted the arrival of a denizen of that riverside backwater. He was carrying a "pint." Now, in ordinary circumstances, a Wapping man is at once likeable and easy of approach. The popular belief is that his language is unparliamentary. It is, but only in the sense that he never leaves you guessing as to his meaning. Conversation was natural and easy. After all, Wapping hasn't got a monopoly of rivers. We've got one at Stoke Newington. The trouble came when I ventured the perfectly fatuous remark that it was a pity Dickens did not mention

this fine old tavern. From that moment my friend took a violent dislike to me. In language, peculiar, I hope, to Wapping, he not only told me that I had been badly brought up, but also what I looked like. Listening between the lines as it were, I gathered that this *was* The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, and Wapping to a man, won't have it otherwise. "This was the 'ouse where they fetched the drowned bloke in so you can cut out The Grapes at Limus altergevver. Nah go 'ome an' read the book an' see if I ain't gotcher beat."

He appeared so cross and the river hereabouts looked so dirty, that I decided to reserve my defence. I would floor him later. Better to hit him from memory than to remember him hitting me.

Of course, I did the right and proper thing. And as he shut one eye preparatory to blowing the froth, he opined "You can't whack their beer." The law of compensation!

I cannot claim acquaintance with the late Mr. Cocker, but I should imagine he would have put it like this. "As the Prospect of Whitby is to Wapping, so is The Grapes to Limehouse." True, The Grapes is smaller, but it is all the snugger for that.

Here was I then, a mile or more east of Wapping and at *the* Shrine. For the hundredth time I stuck my chest out like a spare bed in a casual-ward and said "This is the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters." For I had come to praise famous men and what our fathers have bequeathed us. It was not a case of coming to scoff and staying to pray. I came as a believer. I left a sceptic. Oh, that some kind soul would take me gently by the hand and lead me back to the fold. . . . Back to the faith of my fathers and to happiness.

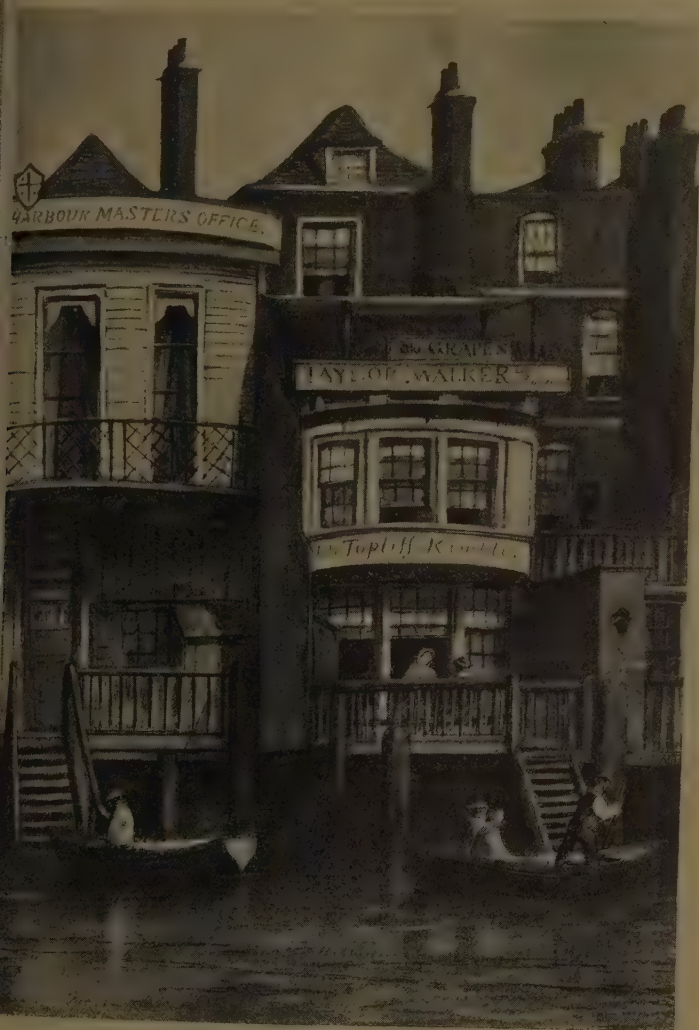
I entered and, being privileged, paid my respects to Mrs. Higgins. We chatted about old times. Of the many eminent Dickensians who, before me, had sat in that very sanctum.

A darts match checked my progress to the balcony; for the "tap" was full. The occasion was a special one, and all the watermen were dressed in suits of black, with caps and neckerchiefs to match.

The little man who toed the line held three darts, and to win the match for his side, he must score a "double-seven." An eighth of an inch either way will make all the difference. He throws one dart and the match is over. Here was something to set the Wapping people thinking. A darts match between The Prospect and The Grapes. What a draw!

You all know Whistler's picture of Limehouse Reach and I am not going to spoil it. I had come to prove that The Grapes is really and truly the original of The Porters, so I sat on the balcony to think it out. A sorry mess I made of it.

Somebody once made the ingenious suggestion that Dickens, when describing the cordial bottles in the bar as being "radiant with fictitious grapes in bunches," gave us a clue to the real name of The Porters. The more so, because in those days this tavern was The Bunch of Grapes, whereas to-day it is merely The Grapes. Thinking this over, I wondered whether such cordial bottles would be peculiar to a particular tavern. I didn't know. We are also told that the front of the building has been modernised, and that the interior has been



"The Grapes"

From a painting by J. T. Wilson in possession of the Port of London Authority,
by courtesy of "The P.L.A. Monthly."

reconstructed. I was informed that Mrs. Higgins herself remembers those fictitious grapes in bunches and even at this date the interior has "Dickens" written all over it. But was it The Porters?

THEN IT HIT ME. *The Ladder*. It was low tide, just as it was when Rogue Riderhood had his little "turn up with death." Here was I looking down a sixteen foot ladder to the foreshore. How on earth did they manage to get Rogue's all but drowned body up that? On a stretcher too, or was it a shutter? And if they did, why bring it past the half door of the bar? Why not take it straight upstairs and have done with it? I then did what I should have done long before. I had another look at friend Younger's letter. What was his point? Simply this. That The Grapes has never had a causeway and Dickens states expressly that The Porters *did*. What is a causeway in terms of the riverside? Not the street paving. Certainly not the foreshore. *But an entrance to the river from the street*. Now, we must have this causeway because, in Chapter 13, we are told that The Porters had a special causeway and landing place of its own. So that's how they brought Rogue's body in, was it? Up the steps of a causeway to the front door. Then past the half-door of the bar and then up the stairs. Come to think of it, Bob Gliddery wasn't told to stand at the top of a ladder to keep out the crowd. For the simple reason that there was no ladder there. The causeway at the side of the house made a ladder unnecessary. No! Bob was to stand by the house door. Then, don't you see, Riah and Jenny Wren would see "it" brought past the half-door of the bar.

Would you believe that I hadn't the courage to again face Mrs. Higgins? I sneaked down that ladder and walked the hundred yards westwards along the foreshore to the nearest causeway. So up Kidney Stairs and to the street. As a remote possibility I thought of the old David and Harp which once stood at the top of these stairs, but I ruled it out on the ground that it would be just a little too far from Limehouse Hole.

What was to be done? Done? Why, get back to the book. Either Dickens had made a cardinal blunder, or he wasn't thinking of The Grapes at all. Let us test it by first making sure that we know exactly what we are looking for. Then, if possible, unearth a tavern which conforms or did conform in essentials necessary to identification.

We will start with the reasonable assumption that in placing The Porters at Limehouse, Dickens *meant* Limehouse. Also, that as he was so fussy with his detail, he must have been thinking of a particular tavern—no "composite picture" would satisfy me. I wanted *the* thing. Could I find such a tavern? I could not. But I found a picture of one which, until thirty years ago, stood about hundred yards east of The Grapes and at the top of a causeway known as Duke Shore Stairs. This was a very ancient tavern called The Two Brewers. Look at the picture and compare it with those of The Prospect and The Grapes. What do you see? Nothing short of this. That externally, at all events, The Two Brewers fits, whereas the others definitely do not. Take the first reference to The Porters. It is in

Chapter Three—"a tavern that stood dropsically over the causeway." That is to say, having an unnatural collection of water *in the body*, and bulging over the causeway *at the side of the House*. Now don't pre-judge the issue, but turn to Chapter Six. Here we want "a narrow lop-sided wooden jumble of corpulent windows," etc. Well, which best answers this description? Which only of the three is narrow and lop-sided; that is, heavy on one side? The Two Brewers. The only feature, common to all three, is that each has a wooden verandah at the back. Also, "this description applies to the river frontage of The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters!" Here you see at once the tremendous advantage The Two Brewers has over the others. The one is bounded by the river on *two sides*: the others only at the back. It is this fact that makes Dickens's description applicable only to The Two Brewers.

Now, if you please, take another look at The Two Brewers. You see that its narrow doorway and equally narrow front are set at an angle. If you can imagine a line drawn parallel with the doorway: then standing on the line at a point opposite the door, what would you see? You would see "the entrance, so contracted, that in its connexion with the remainder, it resembles the handle of a flat-iron standing upright on its broadest end." Cannot you see the "flat-iron" going away in perspective? Moreover you would have been helped in the illusion had you seen the actual door and steps. Though not so brought out in the picture, I have it on the best authority that both steps and door were half-round. In this "flat-iron" description, The Grapes and The Prospect fail utterly. Both were and are the same width back and front. On this point you must agree that unless when looking at the front, the house appears to broaden towards the back, the "flat-iron" description is absurd.

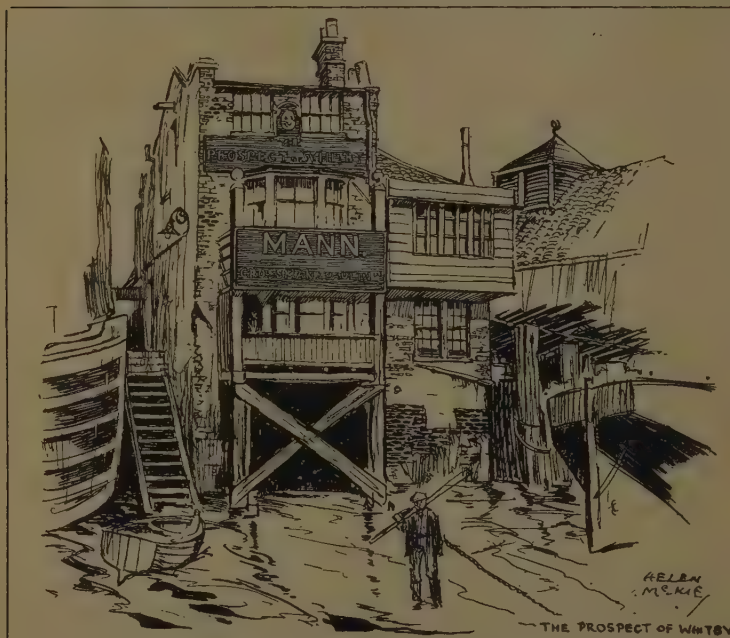
There is a further point against both The Grapes and The Prospect. Neither, by any stretch of imagination, can be said to be "all but afloat at High water." In both cases it is only the verandah which at high tide is over the water: never any part of the house itself.

One other word regarding externals. It is to my friend at Wapping. When Lizzie Hexam was bolted out after her midnight interview with Miss Abbey, she stood outside the front door "and . . . the tidal swell of the river broke at her feet." I agree that the absence of a causeway makes this impossible at The Grapes. But though The Prospect has a causeway it is equally impossible there. You know as well as I do that even at high tide, that seventy feet of passage at the side of the house is always high and dry.

As regards the interior of The Two Brewers I have little to say. At this remote period it would appear well nigh impossible to confirm the description given by Dickens. I tried hard to get a picture but without success. Would it satisfy you to know that I consulted a great number of people who remember the house well? Three of them especially were so clear and definite as to leave no doubt in my mind. I must in courtesy mention their names. They are Mr. John Mahoney (aged 83) of Northey Street; Mr. Morris Walsh (aged 63) of Ropemakers

Fields; and Mr. Roberts (aged 79) of Narrow Street. Without prompting, all three told me of that "draughty passage." This ran from the front to the back of the house and in traversing it you passed the bar and cosy on your left and the windows which you see on the right of the picture. We were standing at the end of an alley called White's Rents. "Was it a wide passage, Mr. Walsh"? "No very" and turning his back he stretched his arms across the alley. "Well, just about as wide as this." "Cosy" was not exactly three cornered, said Mr. Roberts, "It was a very small room which narrowed at one end."

Did Dickens get the name Six Jolly Fellowship Porters from that now defunct City Guild? If so, seeing that its membership ran into thousands, why confine it to six? Why not sixty, or six hundred? Why limit the number at all? I ask because I have the idea that the name was derived from a small and select band of watermen who plied from Duke Street Stairs. That is their old hut on the right of the stairs. If you wish to know more of the Duke Shore Turnway Society, or indeed of the river and its contiguous waterways, you cannot do better than call at 42 Narrow Street, Limehouse. Ask for Mr. Roberts.



"The Prospect of Whitby"

From a drawing by Helen McKie, by courtesy of The Eagle Steamship Co., Ltd.

THOSE EARLY VICTORIANS*

By A. E. BROOKES CROSS

LEST we forget" might appropriately form a sub-title for Lord David Cecil's volume of "Essays in Revaluation" for it is his motive, as he frankly admits, that has inspired the publication of these amazingly impressive and penetrating studies. Lord David Cecil emphasises the inevitability of commencing a series of this kind with Dickens, of whom he writes "He is the one novelist of his school whose books have not grown dusty on the shelves and whose popularity has suffered no sensible decline. Not that there is much new to be said about him." That is well said and is almost equally true in the last particular of the other subjects of the book. Yet, as a representative of a generation that absorbed in its youth Dickens and the other fiction writers of his period, I welcome with acclamation a book which, written by a distinguished man of letters of the day, should impress his contemporaries with a true value of the qualities of the great novelists of the early Victorian era whose talents have too often in recent times been derided and disparaged by lesser writers who have the ear of the public. This reason, apart from its intrinsic merits, is a complete justification for this volume.

It would be idle to attempt, in anything less than a complete number of *The Dickensian*, a commentary on the whole contents of this book, the subjects of which are, Dickens; the Brontës; Thackeray; Mrs.askell; Trollope and George Eliot, of all of whose works Lord David Cecil appears to possess a complete and detailed knowledge. Thus one is at a disadvantage from the start, for there must be comparatively few, even among the well-read, who can meet him on equal terms. Moreover, as one would expect, his familiarity with the best in literature embraces the more important modern writers as Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mr. Aldous Huxley, Proust, D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Waugh, and it is refreshing to find a modern man of letters at pains to draw comparisons between these writers and their Victorian predecessors; comparisons by no means invariably favourable to the former.

With the dictum that the impulse that gives genius to the authors discussed is "creative imagination," none will, I imagine, disagree. Lord David Cecil finds this at its highest in "Wuthering Heights" about which he writes in glowing terms and with an enthusiasm that betokens a passionate admiration for its remarkable author and her work. In this essay his writing reaches its highest peak, but in the opening chapter "As they look to the reader" and that on Dickens are not far behind. It is interesting to observe how frequently he returns to Dickens as a yardstick by which to measure the stature of his other subjects, and to realise in full his literary judgment on Dickens, it is necessary to read all the essays in the book. For instance:

* "Early Victorian Novelists," by Lord David Cecil. Constable, 1934. 10s.

"Emily Brontë's imagination is as intense as that of Dickens. Like him, she can sweep us with a stroke of the pen into a world more living than the one we know."

In writing of Thackeray he says:

"Dickens is interested in individuality. His great figures live in virtue of the characteristics in which they differ from their fellows; Thackeray's are equally alive but they live in virtue of the characteristics they share. . . . This does not mean his range is larger than that of Dickens or Scott; in some ways indeed it is more limited."

"Charlotte Brontë," he writes, "is always at her best in describing children. . . . Indeed, her vision of life, like that of Dickens, appears most convincing from the eye of a child. For, like his, it has a child's intensity, a child's crudeness; the first quarter of 'Jane Eyre,' with the first quarter of *David Copperfield*, is the most profoundly-studied portrait of childhood in English."

Trollope's humour, we are told, at its finest is not so exquisite as Charlotte Brontë's nor so brilliant as that of Dickens.

One could linger fondly over these essays and still find fresh points of interest upon which to dwell and to write discursively. Needless to say, there are conclusions which challenge discussion and Lord David Cecil is at his most provocative in writing of Dickens.

Once more we read of the limitations of Dickens as a novelist; that his characters are often, in effect, two-dimensional; that he overstates; that his construction is faulty and conventional; that he is vulgar and that he sometimes writes outside his range mainly because he is unintellectual and uneducated. Now there is none of these contentions that could not be debated at length but the chief of them cannot be allowed to pass, even in a short review, without challenge. What precisely is meant by uneducated or, to put the question with greater precision, what does Lord David Cecil mean by the word? Among the most illustrious men in history there have been those who have failed signally at their scholastic studies in their early days; while some of the world's greatest geniuses—poets among others—were uneducated in that they had little or no schooling. What better education could Dickens have had for the destiny that awaited him than an intimate knowledge of the fiction of his immediate period, of the streets, and of the lives of the poor and the lower middle class, or of provincial towns, municipal authorities and elections, acquired during his reporting days, of parliament and of newspaper work generally. If, instead of a few short years of schooling at one or two middle-class scholastic establishments, he had passed through public school to University and had belonged to a superior social class he might have been able to portray an aristocrat, but could he have conceived from his imagination alone a Fagin, a Sam Weller, a Micawber, or a Mrs. Gamp? Is it not possible—nay, likely—that his imagination would have been stifled and English fiction have been the poorer?

Admittedly neither Lord Verisopht nor Sir Mulberry Hawk ring true, but it should not be overlooked that *Nicholas Nickleby* was a comparatively youthful work, whereas Sir Leicester Dedlock, Mr. Tulkinghorn, Cousin Feenix, or Mr. Twemlow created at a later period, are not totally devoid of the characteristics of their prototypes in the upper layer of the social structure.

So far as construction is concerned we do not find that education entirely eradicated faulty workmanship in this respect from the great contemporaries of Dickens; nevertheless, it is well to recall that he produced much of his work in monthly instalments. His acceptance of the conventions "imposed on the novel by Fielding and Richardson"* does not appear to be a great fault; these conventions were accepted at the time and Dickens was judged favourably by eminent contemporary writers who accepted them. The day had not arrived for innovations in form; and authors were not seeking to attain notoriety by producing work which flouted tradition, nor would such work have been any more acceptable than furniture made of steel and glass to the age in which he wrote. Mr. James Joyce or Miss Gertrude Stein, for example, would probably have had to publish their works at their own expense and even then have lacked readers. Even now, the ultra-modern writers referred to by Lord David Cecil, have only a select following, infinitely greater, however, than it would have been a hundred years ago. Dickens wrote for his public, the people. To the question whether had he been educated his message would have reached so far or impressed so many there can only be one answer.

The death of Poor Jo and the exhortation with which Dickens concludes the episode is quoted as an instance among others of his vulgarity. As an example in restraint, attention is drawn to the description of the death of Falstaff, "the king hath run bad humours in the knight, that's the end of it . . . the king is a good king but it must be as it may." The obvious comment is that Nym is speaking, and that "Henry V" is a play not a novel. Shakespeare was not always so terse, and the madness, death, and obsequies of Ophelia or the death of the lovers in "Romeo and Juliet" do not succeed by understatement. Nor does Shakespeare, in these and other occasions, spare our emotions. It may be said that these are among the great tragedies of literature, but is not the death by starvation and neglect of an ignorant waif as portentous a tragedy and immeasurably nearer truth than the greatest of these themes of Shakespeare, a tragedy which we tend to regard as trivial only because it was commonplace. Again, in considering the story of little Em'ly, the circumstances of which it may be conceded were not perhaps so poignant as Dickens made them, the standpoint of the class to which she belonged and the Victorian tradition which she had violated must be given their value if the criticism is to be just.

That Dickens is melodramatic is undeniable, his literary education,

* Did these famous writers impose conditions on the novel? Would it not be truer to say that they practically created it?—A.E.B.C.

commenced by his reading the novels of Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, Defoe, and Cervantes, was completed by his passion for the play, and for some years before he commenced his career as a novelist he saturated himself with the dramatic fare provided at the minor theatres.

In all these respects Dickens is alleged to have offended against the canons of great literature. This aspect of Lord David Cecil's case alone could form the subject of a lengthy controversy, but it is sufficient here to question the validity of canons whose permanence is mythical and which appear to be determined largely by the fashion of the time. It is conceivable that in a century—or less—from now the modern reticence and restraint in dealing with man's noblest emotions—or the ultra-modern glorifications of his animal instincts which the canons of the early twentieth century permit—may be heresies to the orthodox.

It would be a grave injustice to Lord David Cecil, however, to imply that his study contains little else but disparagement. So far from this being the case, it is rich in praise, recognising and emphasising Dickens's creative imagination—the hall-mark of greatness in literature—shows us that Dickens was a poet, a prophet, a fantastic genius, and “perhaps the greatest humourist that England has produced.” He concludes the study in these words:

“The English, the kindly, individualistic, illogical, sentimental English find expressed in him with all the eloquence of genius, their deepest feelings, their controlling convictions.. He means something to them, therefore, that no other of their novelists mean. It is no wonder that to him, as to no other of their novelists, they have given their hearts.”

With such a tribute from such a man the lovers of Dickens may surely rest content.

It is not practicable to review the other essays in this valuable book, but we should be grateful to Lord David Cecil for the opportunity given to us of an older generation to refresh our memories with the delights of our earlier reading, encouraging us to take down from their shelves the dusty volumes which the stress and variety of modern life and the amplitude of the modern printing press may have caused us to neglect, and above all for a book which may encourage the younger generation to realise perhaps for the first time the qualities of their predecessors in the great art of letters. As Lord Cecil writes in his admirable opening chapter:

“But though they (the early Victorian writers) are not the very greatest, they are great. For their merits are of so superlative a kind, forged in the central heat of the creative imagination, rich in the essential precious stuff from which the art of the novel is made.”



A DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMAN PROPOSES THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

A COMPANY of two hundred and fifty sat down at the Birthday Dinner at the Trocadero Restaurant in London under the Chairmanship of Mr. Alfred Noyes, Litt.D., LL.D., the President of the Fellowship, and later listened to a magnificent speech perfectly delivered by that distinguished French scholar, Monsieur André Maurois, as follows :—

A great and somewhat dangerous honour has come to me to-night. I had hoped that I might speak in French : I was told that my speech would be better understood if it were in English. I am not so sure about that and I earnestly hope that you did not ask Mr. Podsnap to attend this dinner. I know too well what this gentleman would say : “ Our language, Sir,” Mr. Podsnap would say, “ is difficult and trying to strangers. In English, Sir, Anglais, English, we aspirate the H ; we say *Horse*. . . . In French you say : *tay, hache* ; in English we say *th*. . . .” And Mr. Podsnap would go on shouting at me, for you remember that there was a disposition on his part to treat any foreigner as if he were a child who was hard of hearing.

I would not mind so much if Mr. Pecksniff were here : “ Well, well, well,” he would say, with his own peculiar urbanity, “ of course I will not, upon the one hand, go so far as to say that Mr. Maurois’s English is the King’s English, for it is our duty, our first duty, to tell the truth, but, upon the other hand, we must remember, though Mr. Maurois is a Frenchman, he is a fellow creature, my dear, he is an item in the vast total of humanity, my love. . . . No ! Heaven forbid that I should say. . . . Nothing can be expected from Mr. Maurois. . . . He has disappointed me ; he has murdered my language. . . . But I don’t think the worse of him on this account. . . . Oh ! no, no, no !”

As to Charles Dickens himself, were he present, his account of the proceedings would probably be “ that the foreign gentlemen, having asserted that he could not speak English, undertook to prove this assertion and succeeded very well. He spoke English, but only, he said, in a Pickwickian sense.” As a matter of fact, I think that Charles Dickens would have been rather nice about it, for he knew France and the French, and enjoyed his holidays amongst them, not only in Paris where he strolled about the streets and went to the Morgue in true Dickensian fashion, and where Emile de Girardin gave him the most elaborate dinner Dickens had ever eaten, ending with a Christmas pudding which was called on the “ *carte*” “ *Homnage à l’illustre écrivain d’Angleterre*,” but also in Boulogne, where he had taken the house and garden of M. Beaucourt.

The conversations between Dickens and M. Beaucourt seem to come straight from the “ Sentimental Journey.” M. Beaucourt never spoke of his house but as “ *la Propriété*,” the property. He had planted his garden with his own hands and was proud of it. “ In the moonlight last night,” said M. Beaucourt, “ the flowers of the property appeared

to be bathing themselves in the sky. You like the property, Sir ? " " M. Beaucourt," said I, " I am enchanted with it ; I am more than satisfied with everything." " And I, Sir," said M. Beaucourt, laying his cap upon his breast and kissing his hand, " I equally."

I am very glad that Dickens did like M. Beaucourt and understood his charm, because M. Beaucourt, with his genuine love for his " property " was " the average Frenchman," and because it is part of the genius of Dickens, that he understood, in every country, the feelings, pleasures, and sorrows of the common man.

There are writers who can only interest us by depicting strange passions, unknown countries or extravagant adventures. Dickens is never more touching than when he describes a seemingly commonplace event. A young widow, sadly awaiting the birth of her child after its father's death, a family party on Christmas Eve, the feelings of the man who after many years meets again the woman he loved long ago, the sorrow of a child badly treated by a schoolmaster, Dickens's best pages were written on such hackneyed subjects.

Dickens has the courage to be commonplace, and that is why he is always human. He has the courage to be banal and that is why he is never banal. Critics have often pointed out the resemblance that exists between Dickens and Marcel Proust. Proust himself liked to acknowledge all he owed to Dickens, and Osbert Sitwell says rightly that Dickens would have found Proust's Madame Verdurin congenial company. But may I confess that, if I admire Proust so much, it is less for his audacities, which were too often unreal, than because he, too, had the courage to be banal and to depict with wonderful minuteness the anguish of a nervous child waiting for his mother to come and kiss him good-night, or the sadness of growing old.

Even the eccentric characters in Dickens belong to common humanity. Gissing wondered if, in a picture as that of Pecksniff, Dickens had not erred on the side of exaggeration. " I sometimes ask myself," says Dickens, " whether it is always the writer who colours highly, or whether it is now and then the reader whose eye for colour is a little dull. . . . I have never touched a character precisely from life, but some counterpart of that character has incredulously asked me : " Now did I ever really see one like it ? All the Pecksniff family are quite agreed that Mr. Pecksniff is an exaggeration and that no such character ever existed." The truth is that in real life we all know a great many of Dickens's characters. Mr. Micawber is, for my sins, one of my best friends in Paris. I have also met him in New York, where he told me that prosperity was round the corner, which is the American way of waiting for something to turn up. I dined at the Veneerings last night and, while coming over, I had some trouble about my passport with one of the Barnacles. No, Dickens heroes are not caricatures, but all men become, sooner or later, caricatures of themselves.

Why did Dickens understand the common run of mankind so much better than other writers ? Because having lived sheltered lives, many of them have never known real life. Happy Dickens : he had

been unhappy. His early days had been difficult. His terrible parents, the blacking factory, the debtors' prison, then his profession as reporter, everything brought him into contact with real people. Nearly all the great careers of novelists have begun by apparent misfortunes and by non-literary activity. Balzac was a lawyer's clerk, poor, and ambitious. Meredith suffered from his humble origin. Wells was a shop-assistant, Kipling a journalist, Stendhal an officer, Conrad a sailor, Cervantes a soldier. Nothing can replace such beginnings. Life had given Dickens the hardest, but the richest and most varied experience. All things considered, he owed much to Fate.

It has been said of him that he has been "one of the best friends mankind ever had." That is true. Of course he was able, when he thought it necessary, to be severe and even hard. But the wicked and hypocrites in his books form a separate class. They appear for a time, they do a lot of harm, they frighten people; as soon as they disappear the average man begins to dance, to laugh, and to sing, "We're not afraid of the big bad wolf!" the oldest song of civilised humanity. Mr. Creakle is a brute, but hardly is his back turned than the school forgets his blows and David Copperfield goes on telling Steerforth the story of Roderick Random. At the end of Dickens's stories, kindness always wins the game. Some reproached him with this and said that in real life virtue seldom wins. Of course the optimist and the pessimist are both wrong, but the optimist is the wiser of the two.

I have read in an English book the story of the two frogs who fell into a pail of cream. The pessimist frog went in despair to the bottom of the pail and was immediately drowned: but the optimist frog jumped up and down with such persistent energy that he was ultimately discovered sitting in triumph on a pail of butter!

It would not be a bad way of finding out the essence of a writer to look for the words he uses the most. In the case of Dickens he would find brisk, jolly and all the words that express activity and cheerfulness. His favourite weather is a fine cold morning suitable for a brisk walk. Benevolent and sentimental, he is never happier than when he is speaking of Christmas, the season of hospitality, joy and wholeheartedness. He is the most English of English writers. Salvador de Madariaga has written a fine essay on "Hamlet and Don Quixote," in which he takes these two personages as symbols of England and Spain. But if Hamlet is one aspect of the English character, the one Voltaire would have said that corresponds to the East Wind (and Dickens himself has a bit of Hamlet in him), Pickwick represents another aspect of the English character. Pickwick, benevolent, candid, moral, full of good-will to help his neighbours if he believes them sincere, but exceedingly obstinate if he feels himself taken in, represents the average Englishman infinitely better than Hamlet. When, in 1914, I met Colonel Bramble for the first time, I thought at once that he resembled Pickwick in many ways.

But however completely and perfectly English he may be, Dickens

remains universal. A Frenchman of 1935 can read him with pleasure and profit. He was the product of a period that at a first and hasty inspection seems different from ours, but which in reality has much resemblance to it. Man, Chesterton's everlasting man, loves, suffers, and enjoys himself as he did in Dickens's time. He has not even, said Anatole France, a little sadly, invented an eighth deadly sin. Aldous Huxley in "*Brave New World*" shows us a frightful picture of a future in which a tyrannical state will produce, according to the needs of the planet, Alpha, Beta, and Delta citizens. I should be surprised if even in that new world the feelings that were those of David Copperfield and which are ours to-day, were not those of the greater part of the New World men. The setting of the stage changes; characters and passions remain the same. In 2035 as to-day there will be Pecksniffs and Podsnaps, Micawbers and Veneerings, and a Dickens Fellowship where Alpha-plus and Delta-minus will unite to drink, as I ask you to do now: To the immortal memory of Charles Dickens.

In introducing M. Maurois,

MR. ALFRED NOYES made the following speech:

We are celebrating to-night the hundred and twenty-third birthday of Charles Dickens; and it can be said now, as on every former occasion of our Fellowship Dinner, that the best is yet to come. The full appreciation of his work and his amazing genius may very well be reserved for the far future. His fame, like his work, whether it be greater or less than that of the very few other men who can be compared with him, has a thousand characteristics that are all its own. Consider for a moment only one quite incidental example of this; the periodical with which you are all familiar, *The Dickensian*, which comes to us so regularly, in its green wrappers, and helps us to share in imagination the excitement of those for whom that same green wrapper once enclosed the magical instalments of a new novel from Dickens himself. Consider that periodical for a moment. Was there ever another case in which a quarterly periodical, comparable in size and content with any of the chief monthly magazines, has been entirely devoted to the memory and works of one man, and has been appearing regularly for over thirty years, without the aid of any extraneous subject matter, without the slightest diminution of interest, but with a constant flow of new material, new illustrations, and new light on the inexhaustible world of that one man's creation. Is it even conceivable that the memory of any other man in the history of English literature could maintain such a periodical for the general reader, or supply it from so unfailing and so vital a spring.

Never, perhaps, was there a man who could have felt more keenly that lament of the immortal spirit at war with the brevity of its allotted time for work on earth:

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.

He left behind him an immense list of possible titles and characters

for unwritten books. What would we not give now for a first edition, or any edition, of "Broken Crockery," or of what might seem a sequel to it, "Nobody's Fault." That other missing volume, too, "The Lumber Room," with its exquisite description of the small boy clearing away the cobwebs from a dusty little window so that he might read the forbidden books by moonlight. Of course, like all the others, it would be drawn from his own childhood, but what a range of new characters it would have revealed. Who could forget Matilda Rainbird, for instance, that exquisitely bedraggled votary of the nine Muses and contributor to the *Keepsake*. Surely she must have counted as one of his greatest achievements. Then there was Ambrosina Events, the maid servant who was left as a legacy to the kind-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Tinkling, by an old friend, and "a devil of a legacy, too," as old Bangham used to say whenever he called upon them. Poor Mr. and Mrs. Tinkling! As Ambrosina Events herself remarked: "They tinkles, but they never dares to ring!" The remark must have become historic by now, of course. You will forgive me for quoting it.

And then there was Mrs. Wabblers, the unsuspecting landlady of his most cunning scoundrel, Ravender; Mrs. Wabblers, the despair of those who tried to question her about the suspected man's movements; Mrs. Wabblers, that almost sublime wanderer from the point. Few scenes can equal that in which old Grimmer, the most expert lawyer of his day, boasts that with exactly six crisp questions he will extort the required information; and Mrs. Wabblers, seated opposite to him and shaking like a blancmange, succeeds in giving him the entire history of her great aunt's matrimonial difficulties, but yields him no other information whatsoever, except that inspired concluding sentence of hers: "Henry the Eighth, of course, had *six* wives; and now its time for tea!"

And then there was Sophia Doomsday. She was the sentimental lady who had decided that the comically unconscious and undesigning Mr. Suds was her Fate. You will remember that when Mr. Topwash gave him a hint of this, poor Mr. Suds broke into a cold perspiration. "God bless my soul," he said, "I her Fate? How can I be her Fate? I don't mean to be. I don't want to have anything to do with her." The sentimental lady nevertheless perceived that Destiny must be accomplished; and so it was. Ephemeral man succumbed once more to the everlasting woman.

Let us put these idle imaginations aside. Every year as it passes adds something to the real stature of Dickens, if only by revealing the fragmentary nature of even the best of our interpretations, or by showing us one more supercilious critical fashion twisted up like a paper spill to light a cigarette for him.

We are reminded, moreover, by the presence of our distinguished guest this evening that Dickens does not belong to England alone. Certain elements in his genius were not what Mr. Podsnap would have thought characteristically English, though by some mysterious grace of spirit, Englishmen of real genius have sometimes inherited what

would conventionally be regarded as the more characteristic birthright of Mr. Podsnap's foreigners.

Mr. Max Beerbohm once appended to an unpublished caricature of a British statesman four lines which were supposed to sum up a typically British character :—

“ Filled through and through with British Phlegm,
 Than which no phlegm is phlegmier,
 It looks as if he might be sem—
 —piternally our premier.”

Now, if ever there were a man in the four quarters of the earth who possessed not a single trace of that supposedly British property, that man was Charles Dickens. You remember Mrs. Carlyle's description of that face which looked as if made of steel, though light and motion flashed from every part of it. “ There was that in his face,” said Forster, “ which no time could change—the quickness, keenness and practical power, the eager, restless energetic outlook.” “ It had the life and soul in it of fifty human beings,” said Leigh Hunt, though under all that vivacity there was the steadiness and hard endurance, the steel of Mrs. Carlyle's vivid phrase.

The steel in Dickens has, I think, been missed by too many of the more superficial critics. They talk of his sentimentality and they miss altogether the far more complicated fact that while Dickens was probably one of the most sensitive instruments through which the spirit of compassion ever expressed itself, he was also an equally passionate lover of truth, and he was a hundred years in advance of our pseudo-moderns in his clear-cut, logical insistence that mawkish sentimentality in the wrong cause may be profoundly unjust to the right. No artist ever achieved a greater triumph in the practical fields of human progress ; but no man was ever more free from the pseudo-modern artist's weak-eyed and maudlin attempts to discover the only true salt of the earth in the vicious and the criminal. He was too great an objective artist to attribute his own most sensitive feelings to the base and corrupt. We must not deceive ourselves, the artistic world to-day is in just as great a danger of this new hypocrisy, inverting all the values and blurring all the lines of right and wrong, as ever the Victorians were of the more obvious fault. But Dickens had neither. The logical steel of his mind flashes out clearly in the essay on the “ Murdered Person ” which is to be found among his “ Miscellaneous Papers.” “ In the highly improving accounts,” he says, “ which are given to the Public of the last moments of Murderers, the Murdered person may usually be observed to be entirely dismissed from the moral discourses with which the Murderer favours his admiring audience, except as an incidental and tributary portion of his own egotistical story.” The whole essay might be read and digested with salutary effect by many of the humanitarian artists of to-day who reproach Dickens with sentimentality. But the clarity of the logic is less like England than France. It would be an impossible psychological problem even for M. Maurois to reconcile (as typical

English characteristics) Dickens's unequalled gift for vivid expression, with the silence of Colonel Bramble. It is true that Colonel Bramble might be a character in Dickens for he is the perfect representation of a certain kind of Englishman; but genius transcends all the types of its own creation; and, in doing this, it transcends national boundaries, too.

All true Dickensians will be grateful to M. Maurois for that gasp of surprise which he says was evoked from him by his compatriot Taine, when he so curiously misinterpreted the greatest of all the great qualities in the work of Dickens, the deep musical undertones of the writing, which make him not only a great novelist but, as Oliver Wendell Holmes called him, "the prose minstrel of this epoch" and one of the greatest of poets.

It is these musical undertones, more obvious perhaps in short tales like *The Haunted Man* or *A Christmas Carol*, but recurring like the great echo theme in *A Tale of Two Cities* through all the novels also. It is this haunting music, infinitely sad, infinitely compassionate, the music of eternity, that gives the incantational effect of which Taine spoke, and lends the enduring values to his work. Heard with the outer ear, it may be mistaken for the music of the mere fairy tale, an epic Hans Andersen. But, heard with the inner ear, it is the music of the universal parable, an earthly story with the heavenly meaning. Taine was right in saying that these books were written in a kind of ecstasy but he was mistaken as to the nature of the ecstasy. The man who wrote the description of that caged bird at the Morgue in Paris was not a frenetic rhapsodist; but one of the greatest masters of the true realism, whose truth consists not in a superficial photography, but in its power to convey ultimate meanings through images and symbols, making a parable of everything, though it be a parable only one phrase long.

We laugh now at a famous phrase from *Dombey and Son*, partly because a Victorian drawing-room ballad was made out of it; but, also, because we ourselves have grown a little hard of hearing. Dickens, however, heard not only what the waves were saying but what the night wind and the rustling leaf in the gutter were saying; and under and through them all he heard "the still sad music of humanity" and was able to relate them to that universal symphony in which alone they find their meaning. He was so sure of the divine element in man that he had no need to grope from point to point of any formal philosophy. Every child for him was an image of the Divine Child; and it may be that his freedom from abstractions (which has been one of the chief points urged against him by our analytical modern criticism), was one of his greatest virtues as an artist, whose real function is to embody ideas, not to hunt for the disembodied "Boojum." But what has our niggling criticism to do with a mind that was at the centre of things and therefore saw all our eccentricities directly? What has it to do with that keen insight and profound compassion? These, as M. Maurois has said in his recent book on Dickens, may very well be among the vital factors that, in a world torn

by revolution, have been the salvation of England. If this be true, and I believe it is, it is a fitting conclusion to the whole story of that poor little lost boy, David Copperfield.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE proposed the health of the Chairman in a charming and felicitous speech, to which Mr. Noyes replied, thanking Mr. Walpole and the guests and adding a special word of appreciation for the great pleasure the company had felt that evening in listening to the speech of Mr. Maurois.

Messages of Greeting were read from Lady Dickens and Sir Walter Lawrence, Bt., and from Branches at Bath, Bristol, Edgware, Boston, Chicago, New York, Hamilton, Montreal and Copenhagen. Personal representatives were present from Liverpool, Rugby and Vancouver Branches.



DICKENS FELLOWSHIP BRANCH DOINGS

The sum of \$57 was collected for Tiny Tims at the Christmas Meeting of the New York Branch, when the Rev. Harold E. Wilson, of Greenwich University, gave a delightful rendering of the immortal *Carol*.

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Mr. Will F. Nicholson's adaptation of *Hard Times* produced under the direction of Mr. Gerald M. Farmer, attracted large audiences at all its four performances in Manchester during the Birthday Week. The funds of the Greengate (Salford) Hospital and Open Air School have benefited. The Local Hospital Library Service is another of the good works to which the Manchester Branch devotes itself.

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One hundred and thirty guests of between sixty and ninety years were entertained by the Hull Branch at their Annual "Lonely Old Folks' Party" in December. The President of the Branch, Mr. Henry J. Barney, received the guests, and after tea, games and competitions were enjoyed, and prizes were awarded. An excellent entertainment followed including community singing led by Mrs. H. Lawton, and the evening closed with a Dickensian Waxwork Show given by the members of the Fellowship. During the evening the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriff and his Lady paid a visit and had a chat with the guests. The success of the evening was due to the energetic M.C., Mr. Harold Kellington, and the perfect arrangements which were in the hands of the Hon. Secretary, Miss Maud W. Whiting.

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The most pleasing feature of the Christmas Meeting of the Vancouver Branch was the presentation to the Secretary Mr. Victor Ackroyd, of a very handsome leather brief case, with his initials in gold on it, as a mark of affection and regard from all the members of the branch. Both the President and past President spoke in glowing terms of Mr. Ackroyd's work and enthusiasm for the Fellowship. Mrs. Ackroyd was also presented with a fine handbag of tooled leather.

ON SCREEN AND STAGE

(I) THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP FILM

DICKENSIANS should rejoice that America is not to have the monopoly of "screening" Dickens. It is but a few weeks ago that one American Company led with *Great Expectations*; and a few weeks hence we are to see *David Copperfield*, *Edwin Drood* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, all à la Hollywood. In the meantime British International Pictures have produced a film version of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, which has been showing at the Regal Theatre, London, and will shortly be generally released.

The scenario is the work of Miss Margaret Kennedy and has been prepared with a truthful adherence to the text of the novel. The one departure from the sequence of events as related by Dickens, that is, the advent of the single gentleman—younger brother of Grandfather Trent—and his quest at the commencement of the film version, is fully justified in that it provides us with a straightforward narrative and avoids one of those lengthy explanations beloved of Dickens at the close of the story, besides eliminating the element of mystery which appropriate though it may be in the novel would serve no useful purpose in the film.

It has been said by some of the important film reviewers that the story of *The Old Curiosity Shop* is melodramatic and old fashioned. Of course it is and any faithful adaptation of a Dickens novel—written, let us remember, nearly one hundred years ago about a period even more remote—must be old fashioned according to modern standards. As well complain that stage coaches and crinolines are out of date or, to go still further back, that the Montagues and Capulets are definitely demodé. Perhaps the fact of the matter is that Dickens is not yet far enough away from us to escape superficial comment of this kind. The film is undoubtedly a faithful and complete representation of the story and of the well-known and almost immortal characters. All possible care has been taken to recapture the atmosphere of the book and of the period. Indeed the coaching scenes—of which there are several; the country inns, the English landscape with the King's highway, its lanes and hedges—are not the least attractive features of the production.

As an example of the sincerity of the producers, the scene of Quilp's wharf is a remarkable reproduction, photographic in its exactness, of Cattermole's drawing.

Subject to the limitations of space and time—and to compress a book of the length of *The Old Curiosity Shop* into a film of ninety minutes' duration needs considerable compression—nothing of importance to the narrative is omitted. We travel with Little Nell and her Grandfather from the bankrupt antique shop at day-break, to Highgate Hill; to the meeting in the churchyard with Codlin and Short; to the supper at "The Jolly Sandboys" with the assembled show folk, including the family who travelled in full costume on stilts and Jerry and his performing dogs; to their meeting with Mrs. Jarley and her

caravan; we see Little Nell acting as guide to the unique collection of waxwork figures as shown before the crowned heads of Europe, and finally the arrival of the worn and weary travellers at the village with its school and church, and the culminating tragedy of the death of Little Nell. We are witnesses to the craftiness and stinginess of the Brasses, the revelry of Swiveller and the "Marchioness" in Bevis Marks, the conspiracy of Quilp, his relations with his "boy" Tom Scott, the misguided and premature obsequies at the supposed death of that diabolic abortion and his triumph at his own inopportune reappearance and are afforded a glimpse even of Kit's baby brother. The lighting is extremely effective and the brightness of the countryside scenes counteracts the gloom and sadness which might easily overwhelm us.

For wistfulness and naturalness of expression it would be difficult to improve on Miss Elaine Benson as Little Nell. Her diffidence and sweetness became her well but her performance would have been more convincing if she had been a little less "educated." One would expect a perfect performance from so famous an actor as Mr. Ben Webster and we get it in the Grandfather. But Quilp was the popular "hit." Mr. Hay Petrie shews us the devilish humour of this mis-conceived little ruffian with his antics and grimaces. Certainly he was popular with the audience and his performance evoked continuous laughter.

Most of the other important characters were well rendered, notably Codlin, the Schoolmaster and the Brother. Mr. Reginald Purdell was, unfortunately, not given a sufficient chance to develop the character of Dick Swiveller, and failed to convey to the full the nonchalant flamboyance of that delightful vagabond; he was rather too "refained." The picture was directed by that old Dickensian and well-known producer, Mr. Thomas Bentley, who had considerable experience in producing Dickens's films in the non-talking days and neither he nor his assistants have spared any pains to ensure a faithful rendering of the novel.

The Old Curiosity Shop film is one of which Mr. Bentley may indeed be proud: it has brought the Dickens character and the Dickens scene to living reality before our eyes, and we thank him wholeheartedly.

(II) SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY'S NEW RÔLE

"THE CONVICT," a play adapted by Miss Ethel Dickens, granddaughter of the novelist, and Mr. C. E. Openshaw from *Great Expectations*, was produced during February at the Westminster Theatre, London. According to the programme, this is the first dramatisation of the story that has been seen in London since W. S. Gilbert's version in 1871. The novel has a good and unique story, and it is a curious fact that no other attempt has been made to introduce it to playgoers.

This play has been freely adapted from the book and confines itself to the story of Pip and his "great expectations." It is a serious and

painstaking attempt to bring the book to life before the footlights, but sticklers for absolute accuracy in transferring a Dickens novel from one medium to another may cavil at the necessary abridgement, at the fleeting glance at Mr. Pumblechook, or the absence of Mr. Wopsle, Wemmick, and the Aged P., Molly, the mother of Estella, Trabb's boy, Orlick and the incidents surrounding them. The price of adaptation is the omission of much that makes the book a great novel; there are alterations, however, the propriety of which is more questionable. The most important of these is the death of Magwitch who, foiled in his effort to escape, stabs Compeyson in Gargery's cottage when the arrest is taking place and is shot by the Bow Street runners. He dies, as in the book, with Pip by his side. Now apart from the fact that Sir John Martin Harvey's Magwitch for all his threats to dispose of Compeyson when, if ever, he meets him, becomes in his last days too gentle to commit so gross a murder in cold blood, the method is too reminiscent of a gangster film to be either artistic or convincing. The relationship between Magwitch and Estella is not established and the last we hear of her is that she is to marry a certain Bentley Drummle, who is heard of but never seen. Actually we do not care "tuppence" what happens to her; she has served the purpose of Miss Havisham and has broken Pip's heart.

The death of Miss Havisham, after receiving the forgiveness of Pip, seated at the open window in the sunset, is a pardonable and effective end to that pitiable figure.

The setting throughout was simple and effective. With the exception of the first scene on the marshes, the play in eight scenes was enacted in Gargery's kitchen, a most homely, inviting scene: Miss Havisham's boudoir, with its faded glory; and the comfortable but inostentatious bachelors' chambers in the Temple.

Martin Harvey—to give him the shorter name by which he is known to fame—plays Abel Magwitch in a sincere and unaffected manner, conveying to the full the bitter disappointment he feels at the loathing with which Pip regards him on his return from Botany Bay. It is a performance of rugged pathos. Miss Jean Cadell as Miss Havisham; Mr. John Garside and Mr. Wilfrid Walter as Jaggers and Joe respectively; to say nothing of Dick Curnock as the boy Pip, gave excellent performances, while the rest of the caste was adequate for all that was demanded of them. The acting generally suffered somewhat from that bane of the modern stage—restraint, and the play would have gained by the infusion of what in theatrical circles is colloquially known as "blood"—particularly in the scenes between Estella and Pip, and Estella and Miss Havisham. A.E.B.C.

WHO WAS—

(Answers to Questions on page 72)

1, Dick Swiveller. 2, Mr. Mould. 3, Major Bagstock. 4, Mrs. General. 5, Trabb's Boy. 6, Mark Tapley. 7, Bunsby. 8, Harold Skimpole. 9, Bumble. 10, Todger's. 11, Dr. Parker Peps. 12, Quilp. 13, Mrs. Jellyby. 14, The Fat Boy.

ROCHESTER THE REAL DICKENS MECCA. A PLEA TO MAKE IT SO

By HENRY SMETHAM

(President of the Rochester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship)

ONLY one thing is wanting to make Rochester the *real* Dickens Mecca; it was the birthplace of his fancy; it should be the final resting place for his remains. At the first meeting of the Rochester Branch which I founded in 1902, I voiced this opinion, and the intervening years have done nothing but strengthen it. But, at that time, three of Dickens's children were alive, and I was loth to press the matter. No such objection exists to-day.

"As his family were aware, Charles Dickens had a wish to be buried near Gad's Hill," wrote Georgina Hogarth and Mamie Dickens in 1880, in their "narrative" accompanying the "Letters of Dickens." The first choice was Shorne, they tell us, "but this intention was abandoned in consequence of a pressing request of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester Cathedral that his remains might be placed there. A grave was prepared and everything arranged" when the request came for burial in Westminster Abbey, to which great and fitting tribute they could make no possible objection.

John Forster has confirmed these facts, stating most clearly that "He himself would have preferred to lie in the small graveyard under Rochester Castle Wall," and I feel that this was meant to record a personal statement made by Dickens to Forster on one occasion as they passed this spot.

Here, then, are the records of family desires while the body of Dickens lay yet unburied.

There is only one throne for a monarch. In Westminster Abbey there are hundreds; in the Church at Stratford-on-Avon there is only one, and Shakespeare reigns in it. So will it be with Dickens in Rochester Cathedral.

Dickens came to Chatham when a child, with a virgin mind, its clear tablets untouched. In this spirit, as a boy, he roamed around the ancient walls and quaint corners of our old city; and these memories became engraved on his mind like the laws brought down from Sinai. They never faded; they became part of his spiritual life. Yes, even when God's finger touched him on the ninth June, 1870, the ink of his last written words was hardly dry. Read them!

"A Brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful . . . changes of glorious light from waving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields . . . penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthly odour and preach the resurrection and the life. The cold stone tombs of centuries grow warm, and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

Had Dickens written no other words on Rochester, my plea would be amply vindicated.

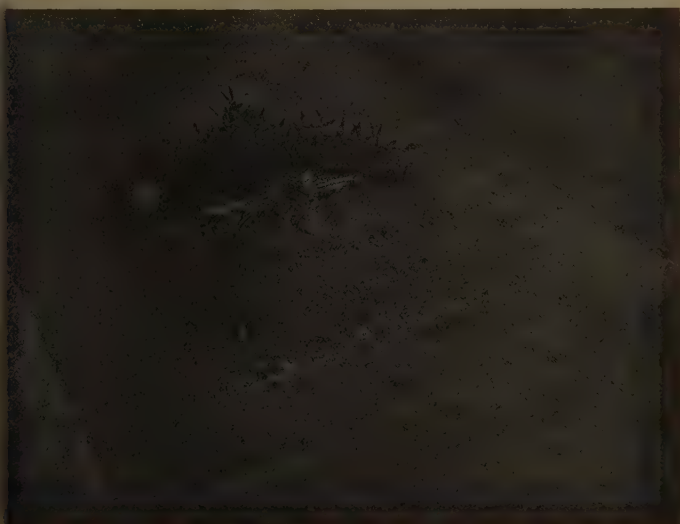
There are many precedents for the removal of a body to a more

suitable resting place. The first Duke of Marlborough was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey in 1722. Twenty-four years later his body was removed to the mausoleum at Blenheim. The Earl of Chatham was first buried at Hayes, but later he was reinterred in Westminster Abbey. John Hunter, the great surgeon, was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in 1793; in 1859, however, he was reburied in the Abbey. These are but a few of many such reinterments. According to Dr. Johnson, "Westminster Abbey is the natural resting place of those great men who have no bond elsewhere." Note the inanswerable quality of those words!

"Those quiet graves far away," wrote Dean Stanley, "are the cloisters and Poets' Corners of a vaster temple; Stratford-on-Avon, Dryburgh, Stoke Poges, and Grasmere, are Chapels-of-ease to Westminster Abbey."

How true and beautifully said. But the glory is that each one rests in his own quiet grave, crowning the summit—even though it may lie in a valley—of his own Matoppo Hill. And this because those scenes were parts of their individual spiritual lives while they sojourned here on earth. And Rochester to the soul of Dickens was "knit with hooks of steel."

If the heart of Dickens could speak it would say "Take me home." In this "Home" grey with the memories of over thirteen hundred years it would be as the Dean of Rochester, Dr. Underhill, nobly phrased it only a few days ago, "our unspeakable pride to receive him."



Dickens's Grave in Westminster Abbey

Photograph specially taken for The Dickensian by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

DICKENS IN JAIL

BY OWEN CARROLL.

THERE is a class of reader than whom none is more fastidious in the matter of its literary fare. I refer to the (unhappily) by no means insignificant body which forms the population of His Majesty's Prisons.

One of the most dreaded punishments for minor breaches of discipline is the forfeiture of a man's library books. I have known many poor devils beg the Governor to give them a day's bread-and-water instead; because they would sooner go without their dinner than lose their books. This is a fact.

Such a fellow was "Shorty," a genial little burglar, a Cockney and a born comedian, whose irrepressible optimism no amount of "stir" could subdue.

It was my duty to visit Shorty's cell, among others, once a week to change the books. For some time he took what was left him without comment or complaint. Then one morning we found an S.O.S. on his slate, which even the most case-hardened official in the service could not have passed by.

"Liberian, sir," it ran. "Can I have somethink to READ please, I'm fed up with counting the bars in my winder so I should be oblidged if you could leave me a book wot will last. The ones I've ad are somethink cruel. I've never read a crook yarn by a bloke wot could screw (*i.e.* burgle) a sardine tin. So be a toff, Sir, and give us somethink to pass the long evenings."

Accordingly I called on Shorty in the dinner-hour siesta. He bent a critical eye on the assortment of literature I had brought with me, and presently—to my surprise—fastened on a volume of *Great Expectations*. "Sounds good," he suggested. The title had done it. Frankly I was dubious; still, thought I, after all, why not? "Well, try it and see how you get on, Shorty." And then I left my customer to examine his acquisition at leisure.

It was not without some misgivings that I visited Shorty the following week. But he was all smiles. "Lumme, Guv'nor, tha Dickins bloke is a bit of orlright and no error," was his greeting. "'Is stuff 'as got *guts*. Why this 'ere book'd make a dozen ordinary yarns. And talk about laughs—old Dickins knew 'ow to cheer a feller up. Don't I wish I could 've come across a mouthpiece (*i.e.* lawyer) like that there Jaggers. I wouldn't be 'ere now. Yes, give me Dickins every time—and keep on as long as you like."

We did. Shorty consumed the lot—*Oliver Twist* (he kept that a fortnight), *Copperfield*, *Dombey*, *Chuzzlewit*, *Pickwick*, and the rest. Sam Weller captivated him completely. I think there was something of the immortal Sam in the better side of Shorty.

One day I went to bid Shorty good-bye. He was as enthusiastic as ever, and informed me confidentially of his intention to go on the tramp when he got out—expressly to "do" the Dickens Country. I hope that was all he "did."

I am afraid Shorty is incorrigible. He will never learn the difference between meum and tuum, but he *does* love Dickens. Perhaps the Recording Angel will remember that.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.

(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

DICKENS AND AMERICA

Popular opinion, however, linked Bulwer with Charles Dickens as twin brilliants of English fiction. The second volume of *Sketches by Boz* appeared in 1836, and the incomparable *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* was finished in 1837. The immediate acclaim, the tremendous outpouring of public affection for the author were evidences of a success with few parallels in England or America. 'How lovingly he enters into the slender joys and brief amusements of the poor,' With his sensitive reader smiles and tears chase each other,' rolled up the chorus of praise. The 'North American Review' put Dickens' appeal into eight words: 'His fellow-feeling with the race is his genius.'

American critics remarked on the oddity that popularity should be bestowed so evenly upon the Baron and the commoner. But the omplacent Baron did not invite affection: it was to Dickens that the American audience gave its heart. And how he macerated it!

Dickens came to the United States in 1842, 'the Guest of the Nation.' The editors of the 'Areturus' extended a welcome to 'Boz, the painter of the poor,' characteristic of a hundred editorial greetings: Go where he will, the quick eye, the right heart, the generous hand of the British writer cannot avoid a humanity he loves to delineate, and proud, by the persuasive influence of his kindly page, to soothe. As authors, and as men, we would claim for our country a character above or beneath humanity, did it furnish no element suggestive of caution, love, charity, to a mind like his. One thing he cannot fail to see, that men here have a higher, more pervading idea of fraternity and fellowship; that many, many social evils are trodden down and suppressed, by the great, paramount conviction that all men are born free and equal. Here is a truth that strikes at much wrong at which he has aimed his trenchant and vigorous pen.'

Dickens' previous journeyings had probably not extended farther than the immortal travels of the Pickwickians; and Dickens, in America, made note of the discomforts and exasperations of travel by teamboat and stage-coach. Since he had publicly bespoken international copyright, a few American presses suggested that Dickens' expenses were being defrayed by British publishers; and he made note of the craven chicanery of American newspapers. At banquets and fêtes America dolled up in her prettiest for the distinguished guest; and he made note of the pigs on Broadway. When *American Notes for General Circulation* was published in 1842, a nation hopeful for praise was disappointed and indignant. *Martin Chuzzlewit* doubled the insult. No one but Dickens could have so bruised the feelings of this American audience and then have regained its affections; but the restoration did not follow quickly.

The literary salon was a far cry from the theatrical green-room.

The commercial dramatist was usually one of the house staff, with other duties besides his auctorial carpentry. He could revamp French and English successes, and he could whack a play out of a novel.

"Dickens was tremendously useful. His name drew the crowds, and his novels were a joy to adapt. Dramatic scenes could be transported almost bodily from his written text to the stage. His characters had that touch of caricature which simplified the actor's task—eccentricities of dress and speech: Tiny Tim his crutch, Mrs. Gamp her umbrella and pattens, Micawber his tassled cane. . . . Dickens liked to have his characters at table; and did any play ever fail in which the actors ate real food on the stage? His pathos was irresistible; the sympathetic handling of children, the terror and suspense which were truly dramatic on the printed page, were the stuff of successful plays. From *Pickwick* to the posthumous *Edwin Drood* Dickens' novels were the theater's grist. *Oliver Twist*, *Dombey and Son*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and *David Copperfield* were the most successful on the stage; two of these appeared in as many as eight versions. The *Christmas Carol*, of course, made a delicious afterpiece."—"The Sentimental Years, 1836-1860," by E. Douglas Branch. (Appleton-Century Co.).

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DICKENS AND PANTOMIME

"Dickens visited the theatre (the Britannia) in its early days and saw the pantomime 'Needles and Pins.' He wrote about it in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. . . .

"It is possible that Dickens saw Mrs. Sara Lane play principal boy. She was a great institution at the 'Brit.'"—"Christmas Pantomime," by A. E. Wilson. (Allen and Unwin).

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PSYCHOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS

"The term *beauty* is sometimes taken very broadly so as to cover the entire field of æsthetic excellence; but this use stretches it far beyond its normal meaning. It is better to recognise beauty as one of several co-ordinate terms for æsthetic excellence, which we may call æsthetic categories. Such terms are the sublime, the tragic, and the comic. Even these will not suffice if we are to find an appropriate category for the tavern scenes of Dutch painters or the novels of Dickens.

"Dickens's work includes much of the comic, but that does not sum up its entire æsthetic value.

"However great the values of style and organisation, what most charms the majority of us in literature is the story it tells, the characters it depicts, the thoughts and feelings it expresses. We are stirred by the remorse of Lady Macbeth, the pride and daring of Milton's Satan, the pathos of David Copperfield's flight from London to Dover and his extraordinary reception from his Aunt and Mr. Dick. . . . The unlimited riches of life are at the author's disposal."—"Beauty and Human Nature," by A. R. Chandler. (Appleton).

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"CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS"

"Charles Dickens was indignant; not only indignant, but breathing vengeance, for he, the Englishman, had been attacked in a thing which, next to home, is the holiest; his love of art. It was no personal affront, but in so far as it affected the whole British nation, it affected

him, too. The indignity? Picture No. 518 in the current Academy exhibition, a monstrosity, on the text, 'And one shall say unto him. What are these wounds in thine hands?'

"Now Charles Dickens knew as much about art as any subject of Her Majesty. More fortunate than most Englishmen, he had a vehicle in which to make known his displeasure and take up the cudgels in defence of the suffering public of which he was a member. Hot with righteous wrath, he wielded a spluttering pen for his article in *Household Words*.

"On reading his Dickens, John Bull, who seldom visited art galleries, put on his top hat and took his wife and growing daughter to Trafalgar Square, where stood the edifice that held the sacrilegious painting. Of course it was by a Pre-Raphaelite, one of those stiff-necked young men of whom London had been hearing so much lately. 'Christ in the House of His Parents' it was called, painted by John Everett Millais. It showed the interior of a carpenter's shop, the floor littered with shavings, and all sorts of tools and boards about the room. Now, to be honest, John Bull and his family did not see anything objectionable in a scene that was as real as their daily living. But there were Dickens's words in clear type, and Dickens was a famous author.

"In the foreground of the carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-haired boy in a night-gown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy . . . and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out . . . as a monster of the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England.'

"Dickens was not the only true Englishman to attack the painting, which became known derisively as 'The Carpenter's Shop. . . .'—"The Rossettis and their Circle," by Frances Winwar. (Hurst and Blackett).

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FROM A QUAKER'S JOURNAL

10th Month, 23rd (1837).

"The *Pickwick Papers* are in everybody's mouth, in every review, newspaper, and periodical.

"They show great talent, a wonderful acquaintance with life in all its lower stages, are full to repletion with wit and humour, have nothing decidedly *immoral* or *objectionable* in their tendency, but the characters are perfectly unnatural, the incidents absurdly improbable, and their main drift, if they have any, not very palpable. I expect Dickens has *exhausted his powers* and will never surpass his present popularity."

—"A Quaker Journal," Diary and Reminiscences of William Lucas, of Hitchen, 1804-1861.

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"The blaze of Dickens's genius not only shrivelled and ate up (for the general good) a growth of low-class Cockney fiction—Samuel Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year,' Albert Smith's 'Christopher Tadpole'—and that sort of thing: it killed for years the very seed of it. Called in his life 'the inimitable,' he left no school, though he influenced many here and over Europe; and I think you will agree that his individuality could have been bequeathed to no school."—"The Citizen as Poet and other Papers," by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch.

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXVII.—REPORTING DAYS

From the Diary of Mrs. J. T. Fields

FRIDAY, April 10th, 1868. At dinner he gave us a marvellous description of his life as a reporter. It seems he invented (in a measure) a system of stenography for himself; this is to say he altered Gurney's system to suit his own needs. He was a very young man, not yet twenty, when at seven guineas a week he was engaged as reporter on "The Morning Chronicle," then a very large and powerful paper. At this period the present Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley, was beginning his brilliant career, and O'Connell, Shiel, and others were at the height of their powers. Wherever these men spoke a corps of reporters was detailed to follow them and with the utmost expedition forward verbatim reports to the "Chronicle." Often and often he has gone by post chaise to Edinburgh, heard a speech or a part of it (having instructions, whatever happened, to leave the place again at a certain hour, the next reporter taking up his work where he must leave it), and has driven all the way back to London, a bag of sovereigns on one side of his body and a bag of slips of paper on the other, writing, writing desperately all the way by the light of a small lamp. At each station a man on horseback would stand ready to seize the sheets already prepared and ride with them to London. Often and often this work would make him deadly sick and he would have to plunge his head out of the window to relieve himself; still the writing went steadily forward on very little slips of paper which he held before him, just resting his body on the edge of the seat and his paper on the front of the window underneath the lamp. As the station was reached a sudden plunge into the pocket of sovereigns would pay the postboys, another behind him would render up the completed pages, and a third into the pocket on the other side would give him the fresh paper to carry forward the inexorable, unremitting work.

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I have forgotten to say how in those long rides from Edinburgh the mud dashed up and into the open windows of the post chaise, nor how they would be obliged to fling it off from their faces and even from the papers on which they wrote. As Dickens told us he flung the imaginary evil from him as he did the real in the days long gone, and we could see him with the old disgust returned.

He said, by the way, that never since those old days when he left the House of Commons as a reporter had he entered it again. His hatred of the falseness of talk, of bombastic eloquence, he had heard there made it impossible for him ever to go in again to hear anyone.

DUST HEAPS, THEN AND NOW

1.—THEN

BY WM. MILLER

HOW did Boffin make his money out of dust-heaps? This is the question I have to answer.

When the world was less civilised than it is to-day, the method of disposing of house and street refuse was a very primitive one. An enterprising man, such as Mr. Boffin was, would purchase, for a few pounds, a piece of waste land on the outskirts of London; land which no one would then think of building upon, or, at least, was not likely to be built upon for a generation. On this land would be erected a large board bearing the words "Rubbish may be shot here," and the invitation would be accepted by Parish Councils and contractors who would make agreements with the owner to deposit their refuse, on certain monetary terms. The owner employed men to sift and sort this rubbish, and sold the products to people needing such. In this way a very lucrative business was done.

Just consider what is thrown into the dust-bin. There is scarcely anything in that useful receptacle which, if put to proper use, is not worth money; yet, under modern hygienic conditions, it is destroyed, or rather, not utilised as it should be.

The principal contents of a dust-heap were fine cinders and ashes. The cinders were sold for brick-making, and the ashes for making roads.

Then came hardware, which included broken glass and pottery, pans, earthenware and oyster-shells, again sold to make foundations for roads and streets.

Then there was the vegetable and animal matter, everything that will decompose. These were used as fertilisers on ploughed land.

Bones were a valuable asset; sold to soap-boilers, who boiled out the fat and marrow for the manufacture of soap and candles; after which the bones were crushed and made into manure.

Tins, pots and pans, and scrap lead, brass, and copper found a ready market.

Of course, articles of jewelry, spoons, forks, knives, and other valuables, were pocketed by the finders and rarely found their way into the hands of the Golden Dustman himself.

Dust-heaps, such as described, abounded in the outskirts of London, and no doubt were responsible for the fevers and other epidemics which occurred years ago and helped to increase the death-rate.

In Chapter 4 of *Our Mutual Friend*, Dickens wrote:

"Between Battle Bridge and that part of the Holloway district in which he (R. Wilfer) dwelt, was a tract of suburban Sahara where tiles and bricks were burnt, bones were boiled, carpets were beaten, rubbish shot, dogs were fought, and dust was heaped by contractors."

It was from these identical dust-heaps that Dickens obtained the

inspiration of his *Golden Dustman*. In the Dickens Exhibition of 1903, we had a water-colour drawing, done in 1840, showing a great dust-heap which formerly existed where the Great Northern terminus now stands. Appended to the description in the catalogue, were the following notes :

"The prototype of Boffin was a wealthy philanthropist named Henry Dodd, with whom the novelist was personally acquainted. He was a London contractor on a large scale, and owned several enormous dust-heaps in Shepherdess Fields, Islington. It was stated that he presented one of these heaps to his daughter, as a wedding gift, and that it realised £10,000."

The disposal of the Battle Bridge dust-heap is wrapped in mystery. There is a story, current in the locality, which partakes of a legendary twang to the effect that this accumulated rubbish was used in the rebuilding of Moscow. "The City Press," of January 14th, 1904, referred to it as follows :

"It seems scarcely credible that Moscow is built upon London rubbish. Such, however, is the case. An enormous heap of refuse at the Battle Bridge end of what is now Caledonian Road, which was the grand centre of dust-men, scavengers, horse and dog dealers, knackersmen, brickmakers, and other low but necessary professionalists, had lain in that position since the great fire. After the destruction of Moscow in 1812, the Russians, by some means, came to hear of this dust-heap. They bought it, bricks, bones, rubbish and all, shipped it off to Moscow, and upon it founded the resurrected city which travellers know to-day."

2.—NOW

By W. LAURENCE GADD

The systematic collection and disposal of town's refuse is a matter of prime importance to the health of the community, and private dust-heaps of the John Harmon type are not now tolerated. In the City of London, house-refuse has been collected by the authorities since the year 1670.

Until recent years, the common practice was to get rid of the refuse by dumping it, either in the sea, as done by certain seaport towns, or by forming a tip in country places, where it often harboured flies, crickets, rats, and cockroaches, and became a pestilent nuisance. I believe regulations are now in force whereby such refuse-tips must be covered with a foot of fresh earth, daily.

This wasteful method is still adopted by many London Boroughs and provincial towns. The cost of collection and disposal may be from 2/6 to 4/6 per ton, and even a moderately large borough may handle, perhaps, 50,000 tons in a year.

Old John Harmon made a fortune out of his dust, and fortunes can be made to-day by the more enlightened methods of progressive towns. A municipality has to defray the cost of collection (which John Harmon did not), and a destructor furnace costs from £10,000

to £40,000, according to the quantity of refuse dealt with ; nevertheless, a handsome profit can be made.

Take what we might call the " Boffin department," or direct sales. In one year, the Corporation of Birmingham sold :

Bottles, jars, and broken glass	...	...	£182
Skins	...	...	£17
Rags, carpets, sacking, and paper	...	...	£602
Rubber	...	...	£18
Scrap iron, brass, copper, lead, aluminium, zinc, pewter, silver, and gold	...	...	£720
Plus a few other trifles, to the total amount of £2030.			

The modern process is to sort the refuse by mechanical screens into :

1. Paper, rags, straw, and cardboard. These are sold for the manufacture of brown paper and strawboard. Woollen rags and old clothing are torn up and made into shoddy for cheap suits.
2. Coal, coke, breeze, and cinders. Used as fuel in brick-kilns, and for raising steam at the destructor works itself.
3. Iron and other metals. These are smelted and recast into pigs and ingots.
4. Glass bottles, if whole, are cleansed and reused.
5. Broken glass is ground and remelted for glass-making. Also used for making glass-paper.
6. Crockery is crushed and graded to sizes. The product is employed for tar-paving and concrete.
7. Tins. The grease is recovered and made into soap. The solder is melted out and cast into sticks for resale. Paint, labels, etc., are burned off, the metal rolled into sheets and used for making toys, boxes, and containers.
8. Animal and vegetable garbage, bones, etc., are ground with ashes and chemicals for artificial manure and fertilisers.
- II. Finally, the residual ashes, dust, and organic dirt are calcined in a destructor furnace, producing clinkers which are used for road foundations ; mortar and brick-making ; the manufacture of concrete building-blocks ; street paving ; sewer pipes ; posts : railings, and many other things. As eight or nine tenths of average concrete consists of aggregate, such as gravel, crushed rock, and sand, all of which materials are costly, the substitution of destructor clinkers is an obvious economy and an enormous saving to the rates.

While on the subject of dust, it may be interesting to remark upon a form of dust very prevalent if not always visible. The air we breathe is full of fine dust particles which, in the aggregate, amount to considerable quantities. The fine dust deposited from the atmosphere in the London area amounts in a year to about 200 tons per square mile, and I daresay lady friends who indulge in the daily dusting habit will believe it. In manufacturing towns, it is much greater, and may be as much as 1000 tons.

Volcanic eruptions are the cause of much atmospheric dust. After

an eruption in Chili, in 1932, 3000 tons of fine grey dust fell in Buenos Aires on one day: and particles of one micron in diameter may travel thousands of miles before being deposited. After the eruptions of Krakatoa and Mont Pelée, the volcanic dust spread all over the globe and gave rise to gorgeous sunsets for some months.

Other sources of atmospheric dust are the weathering of rocks and buildings: coal ashes and tar from fires and furnaces: and the erosion of road and street surfaces by the wheels of vehicles and the shoes of countless walkers. The motor age has produced a new form of atmospheric dust, *i.e.* rubber dust.

Excessive dust in the air is a cause of lung trouble and other diseases.

Fog is caused by particles of dust, each surrounded by a film of moisture. The old "London particular" is now a thing of the past because there is much less soot and coal-dust in the air than there used to be.

But, atmospheric dust has its use. If the air were quite free from dust, there would be no diffused daylight, and the sun and stars would be seen by day against a background of black sky. Professor Picard and the Russian explorers of the stratosphere (ten to thirteen miles up), saw the sky as of a deep purple colour. This indicates that at that height above sea-level, the dust particles are very small—something like 1/100,000 of an inch in diameter.



HELP THE DICKENS HOUSE

BRANCHES are reminded that to free the Dickens House from debt a considerable sum is still required. The expectation that each branch would this year make at least an especial effort on its behalf, has not been realised. Nottingham stands alone in its support, and we have to thank Mr. Charles Guest for arranging a series of functions, which have resulted in two donations, £5 5s. and £6 6s. during the past few months.



THE MITRE, CHATHAM

THE fame of the Bull in Rochester has, we fear, completely overshadowed the great Dickensian associations of the Mitre in Chatham, which is doomed to early destruction to make room for a store. The Tribe family who kept it were on friendly terms with the Dickenss, and many a song did Dickens sing in their parlour to the accompaniment of his sister Fanny. In *The Holly Tree* he refers to it reminiscently, specially to its bar, "that seemed to be the next best thing to a bishopric, it was so snug." Dickens doubtless had the "Mitre" in mind when writing his last book, and making reference to the "Crozier."



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

THE TYPICAL VICTORIAN

SIR.—In reading Lord David Cecil's book "Early Victorian Novelists," I came across a cliché which disturbed my peace of mind but as the point is of no great importance to the value of the book as a literary appraisal of its subject I refrained from commenting on it in my brief review. The author says that Mrs. Gaskell was a typical Victorian. I challenge this statement categorically. Mrs. Gaskell was nothing of the kind. She probably was a typical gentlewoman of her period but this is a very different thing. The typical woman of that period was to be found in the fields, in domestic service, in the workshops and mills and in the homes of the people slaving among her children, baking, scrubbing, and washing.

The statement is "typical" of the class to which Lord David Cecil belongs and is on a par with the daily and evening journals which solemnly announce in July that London is empty, when all that is really meant is that the western districts of the metropolis have been lessened of a few thousands (at most) who have gone to their country residences or abroad and that possibly another half-million (although it is questionable whether the writer really means these) from the rest of London and the suburbs have gone to the seaside, leaving about ninety per cent. of the people following their normal occupation.

If the literary lapses of Dickens are due to lack of education the use of a cliché of this kind arises presumably from the other extreme.

A. E. BROOKES CROSS.

THE DROOD COVER—A CORRECTION AND A NEW DISCOVERY

SIR.—In your Summer Number, 1929, the original cover-design for *Edwin Drood* was reproduced side by side with the cover as it was actually published. Quoting a letter from Lady Dickens, the author of the article (Professor Lehmann-Haupt) attributed to Luke Fildes the alterations in Collins's original cover-design. "Collins made the first drawing," wrote Lady Dickens, "but fell ill and did not finish it. Luke Fildes continued and finished the drawing with several alterations."

This statement has now been found not to be accurate and the Professor authorises me to correct it. The correction is due not only to the candour of Lady Dickens and the Professor, but also to the divination of the late Mr. S. M. Ellis, who enquired in your Autumn Number of the same year whether there was any documentary evidence to prove that Charles Collins's design was redrawn with alterations by Luke Fildes. That enquiry I brought to the attention of the Professor on the occasion of a recent visit he paid to this country; and although, at first, the Professor was inclined to regard the letter from Fildes (quoted by Ellis) as capable of explanation in the same manner that

Fildes' letter to "The Times" had already been explained by the Professor in his article, yet he allowed that (as he had mentioned in his article) he had been puzzled by what Mrs. Perugini had written as late as 1908 and by what Charles Collins himself wrote in his letter published in *The Dickensian* in October, 1919; the Professor, therefore, laid Mr. Ellis's question before Lady Dickens, who has since discussed the matter with the eldest son of Sir Luke Fildes and is now quite satisfied that Sir Luke did not design or redesign the cover.

It seems reasonable, therefore, to assume that the original drawing by Charles Collins was a trial design by that artist, and that he later elaborated it into the published version. The fact remains that since Dickens did not let either of his illustrators into the secret of the development of the plot, any essential divergence between the first sketch and the cover as published, must be due to new instructions by Dickens, as the Professor pointed out in his article.

The Professor informs me that the study of these divergencies has led him to new and important conclusions which were reached by him soon after his article in *The Dickensian* had appeared. His inferences are strengthened by the elimination of Fildes as a second illustrator by whom the alterations might have been made.

I look forward with interest to an early opportunity of reading and examining Professor Lehmann-Haupt's new solution of the Datchery problem in full.

PERCY T. CARDEN.

FRENCH APPRECIATION

SIR.—I was somewhat surprised to notice, in "The French Appreciation of Dickens" in the last issue, Mr. Dombey's name included in a list of hypocrites, and I was much more so when I saw coupled with it the names of Scrooge and Jonas Chuzzlewit!! In the next line Quilp and Bill Sikes are described as *half-witted*. Surely, in the words of Mr. Chuckster, "their worst enemies couldn't accuse them" of being so. In reference to Mr. McNulty's contention that Marley was *more liberal* than Scrooge, does not Dickens himself state that "they had been *kindred spirits*?"

MARK FRANKLIN.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

Special Notice to Branch Members. If the Diary of your meetings is not included, please ask your Secretary why he did not send a syllabus to the Editor.

BALHAM.

- Mar. 8—Second Edition of "The Balham Dickensian," edited by Miss D. Fisher.
- 16—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Miss Jolly.
- April 12—Papers on *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
- May 10—Annual Meeting and Social.

BATH.

- Mar. 4, April 8—Reading Circle.
- 11—Lecture by Mr. W. Payne, "Dickens Days: a Commentary and a Comparison."
- 18—Dickens Newspaper Night. Editor, Mr. J. H. Hollier.
- 25—Selected Readings, by Mr. R. N. Green-Armytage.
- April 22—Lecture by Miss F. Tylee, "In Search of England with Dickens."
- 29—Annual Meeting.

BLACKBURN.

- Mar. 14—Paper by Miss M. Fell.
 21—Visit to the Preston Branch.
 28—Lecture by Rev. George Bennett, "Hints and Clues in Dickens's Early Chapters."
 April 11—Papers by Lady Members.

BOSTON (Mass.)

- Mar. 11—Regular Meeting. Programme to be announced.
 April 8—do.
 May 13—do.

CHICAGO.

- Mar. 11—"Minor Characters in *The Old Curiosity Shop*," by Miss Marion Kirkcaldy, and Dramatic Reading of *A Tale of Two Cities*, by Dr. J. W. G. Ward.
 April 15—Lecture by Mrs. Beatrice Colby Hyman, "Dickens, Life's Dramatist for Youth."
 May 13—Five Minutes Papers, "Why I like (or do not like) *The Old Curiosity Shop*."

SIRENCESTER.

- Mar. 4—Miss Camberay's Evening.
 19—Reading Circle.
 April 1—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE.

- Mar. 5, 26—Reading Circle.
 12—Dramatic Entertainment.
 19—Social Evening with cards.

EDGWARE.

- Mar. 1, 8, 22—Dramatic Section.
 15—Dramatic Impersonations by Mr. McLellan.
 23—Ramble.
 29—Lecture by Mr. Trelawny Roberts, "Cornish Legends and Superstitions."
 April 5—Social Evening.
 6—Ramble.
 12—Dramatic Section.
 26—Annual Meeting.

EDINBURGH.

- Mar. 7—Lecture by Councillor William McLaren, "Dickens, the Master."
 21—Lecture by Miss Morison, "Minor Characters of *The Old Curiosity Shop*."
 April 4—Annual Meeting and Programme of Sketches, arranged by Mrs. Pearson Callum.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.

- Mar. 18—Lantern Lecture "The Romance of Waltham Abbey," by Mrs. Baillie-Saunders.
 April 30—Members' Evening and Annual Meeting.

HAMILTON.

- Mar. 14—To be arranged by Mrs. Gordon M. Coates.
 April 11—Scenes from *The Pickwick Papers*, arranged by Mr. Leslie Somerville.

HULL.

- Mar. 8—"There Was a Tavern in the Town," by Mr. Donald Davidson.
 22—"Can you explain us?" by Mr. Thos. L. Witty.
 April 5—Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, arranged by Mr. Alan Phillips.
 12—General Meeting.

LANCASTER.

- Mar. 7—Lecture by Mr. James Verden, "Dickens's Association with Lancaster."
 April 5—Lecture by Mr. Leo Mason, "Dickens's Character Studies."

LEYTON.

- Mar. 27—Ladies' Evening.

LIVERPOOL.

- Mar. 6—Balloon Trips, arranged by Miss Jacobsen.
 30—Discussion on *The Old Curiosity Shop*, arranged by Miss A. Bowen.
 April 3—Annual Meeting and Social Evening.

LONDON.

- Mar. 6—Lecture by Rev. P. T. R. Kirk, "Dickens and Religion."
 23—Afternoon Ramble conducted by Mr. A. W. Edwards.
 April 6—Council Meeting and Informal Dinner at Palace Hotel, W.C.
 17—Annual Meeting and Dramatic Performance.
 May 21—Evening Ramble, conducted by Mr. Walter Dexter.

MANCHESTER.

- Mar. 1—"Songs that Dickens Knew." Miss M. Corney and Mr. S. Sutton.
 Accompanist: Miss Parry.
 15—Whist Drive.
 April 5—Annual Meeting.

MONTREAL.

- Mar. 26—Lecture by Mr. Christopher Ellis.
 April 15-16—Dramatic presentation of *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
 23—Lecture by Canon Emile Chartier.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

- Mar. 8—Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
 22—Social.

NOTTINGHAM.

- Mar. 23—Supper and Dance.
 Mar. —Whist Drive.
 April —Cripples' Entertainment.
 11—Annual Meeting.

OLD TOWN-ORONO.

- Mar. 12—"Pencil Sketches of Characters," by Mrs. W. J. Morse. "Evolution of
 Puppet Shows," by Mrs. H. D. Foster.
 April 9—"Dick Swiveller and His Quotations," by Mrs. H. S. Hill. "Where
 Dickens Laid His Scenes," by Mr. A. B. Larcher.
 May 14—"A Review of *The Old Curiosity Shop*," by Mrs. C. B. Porter.

PHILADELPHIA.

- Mar. 27—To be arranged.
 April 24—To be arranged.

PLYMOUTH.

- Mar. 5—Dramatic Literary, and Musical Evening, arranged by Miss Vera Cocks.
 19—Literary and Musical Evening, arranged by Mrs. C. C. Ball.

PRESTON.

- Mar. 7—Lecture by Rev. Canon Wallis, M.A., "Studies in *Pickwick*."
 21—Visit from Members of the Blackburn Branch.
 April 4—Annual Meeting.
 June —Summer Outing.

ROCHESTER.

- Mar. 21—Lecture by Rev. W. Henry Wrigley, "Dickensian and Modern Humour."
 April 24—Scenes from *Little Dorrit*.

RUGBY.

- Mar. 5—Dramatic Evening, arranged by the Ladies.
 April 3—Visit to Redditch Branch

ST. PANCRAS.

- Mar. 11—Short Papers on *The Old Curiosity Shop*.
 16—Ramble.
 April 8—Annual Meeting and Entertainment.
 13—Ramble.

SHEFFIELD.

- Mar. 8—Lecture-Recital, "David Copperfield," by Rev. W. T. Nicholson.
 14—Whist Drive.
 23—Pickwick Supper.
 April 17—Annual Meeting. Followed by Paper by Miss Roza Gray, "Whither
 Dickensians?" (Sheffield Branch, Past, Present, and Future.)

SOUTHAMPTON.

Mar. 14—Lecture by Mr. L. P. Smith, "Chats With Old Friends."
 April 11—Annual Meeting.

TORONTO.

Mar. 11—Dramatisation of some incidents in the life of Dickens, directed by Mr. H. M. Newton.
 April 11—"Bardell v. Pickwick," directed by Mr. Ellwood Genon.

VANCOUVER.

Mar. 28—To be arranged.
 April 25—To be arranged.

WELLINGBOROUGH.

Mar. 9—Lecture, "The Last Flare, 1858-70," by Miss Mary L. Pendered.
 23—Lecture, "Vulgarity and Gentility," by Mrs. F. J. Thorpe.
 April 6—Debate, "Is Little Nell an Unreal Character?" Miss E. Abbott and Mr. S. Warwick.

WINNIPEG.

Mar. 14—Ladies' Night.
 April 11—Lectures on *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Dr. P. A. Jackson and Mr. Norman L. Hall.

WOODVILLE.

Mar. 6—Visit to Redditch Branch.
 (Return Visit of Redditch Branch at a date to be arranged.)



DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

Dickens, by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd. 5s.
The Sentimental Journey, a Life of Charles Dickens, by Hugh Kingsmill. Wishart and Co. 10s. 6d.
Early Victorian Novelists, by Lord David Cecil. Constable. 10s.

MUSIC

"Good Company, twelve Impressions of Dickens Characters," by Idris Lewis. Forsyth. 2s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"Personal Reminiscences of My Father," by Charles Dickens the Younger, with an introduction by Mary Angela Dickens. *The Windsor Magazine*, December.
 "Oliver Twist's 'Old Home'," by F. G. H. Salusbury. *Daily Express*, 7th December.
 "What Scrooge Means to Christmas," by Seymour Hicks. *Evening News*, (Portsmouth) and other papers, 3rd December.
 "If Dickens Returned," by Arthur Nettleton. *Evening News* (Portsmouth), 3rd December, and *Cambridge Daily News*, 20th December.
 "When Dickens Assisted the Waits," by Edwin Harris. *Chatham Observer*, 30th November.
 "The Pickwick Club Returns to Bath," by Pigeon Crowle. *Bath Chronicle*, 8th December.
 "In Scrooge's London," by "The Londoner." *Evening News* 13th December.

"Dickensland in Torquay," by F. G. Martyn. *Torquay Times*, 14th December.

"The Spirit of Christmas According to Dickens," by Arthur Sharp. *Catholic Herald*, 15th December.

"With Dickens in the North," by G. Bernard Wood. *Car Topics*, December.

"The Meaning of Christmas," by C. Dickens (a report of "What Christmas is as We Grow Older"). *Saturday Review*, 22nd December.

"Dickens and the Drama," by Compton Mackenzie. *Radio Times*, 21st December.

"Dickens as Filmed in England and America" (two pages of photographs). *Illustrated London News*, 29th December.

"Dickens Screened in England and in Hollywood" (two pages of photographs of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Great Expectations*). *Sketch*, 26th December.

Great Expectations (two pages of photographs). *Picturegoer Weekly*, 29th December.

"Dickens and His Century," by Desmond MacCarthy. *Sunday Times*, 30th December.

"David Copperfield's Christmas Visit," by Guy P. J. L'Estrange. *Yarmouth Mercury*, 22nd December.

"The Penny Pickwick," by F. J. Hansor. *Eastbourne Herald*, 22nd December.

"Dickens's Haunts" (illustrated), by John Aldbury. *The Motor*, 25th December.

"An Episode from *The Pickwick Papers* (Pickwick on the Ice)." *News Chronicle*, 24th December.

"The Secret of Christmas," by Cecil Palmer. *Daily Mail*, 24th December.

"How Mr. Pickwick Spent Christmas," by A. Price, F.I.C. *Barnsley Chronicle*, 22nd December.

"Scrooge and the Christmas Joy of Living," by Seymour Hicks. *Daily Mail*, 22nd December.

"Dickens in Court." *Law Times*, 22nd December.

"An Anniversary Meditation," by the Editor, *Baptist Times*, 7 Feb.

"Dickens's Memories of his Blacking Factory Days," by Claud Golding. *Evening Standard*, 7th Feb.

"The Women of Dickensland," by R. H. Rogers. *Birmingham Gazette*, 7th February.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' CLUB

THE performance of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of being Earnest" was highly creditable to all concerned, and the comfortable little theatre was full to capacity. As a result the handsome sum of £21 8s. 6d. has been donated to the Dickens House. If an outside body of Dickens lovers can do this much for us, what about our own branches? Remember, the Dickens House is your house, and it is up to every member of the Fellowship to see that it is placed on a perfectly sound and secure basis.

WANTED

Winter Number of *The Dickensian*, 1933-34 (No. 229). Please communicate with the Hon. Secretary at The Dickens House.

WALTER T. SPENCER

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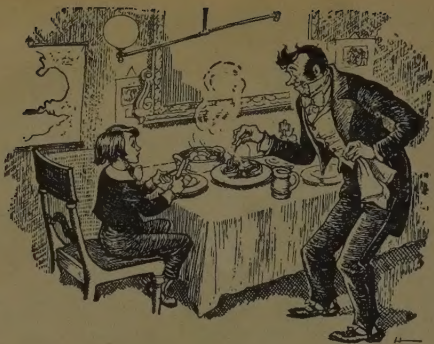
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*"What have we got here?"
he said, putting a fork
into my dish. "Not Chops?"
"Chops," I said.*

David Copperfield
CHAS DICKENS

*Plenty of thick, rich
Bisto gravy would have
given those chops an
even more appetising
flavour and made them
irresistible.*

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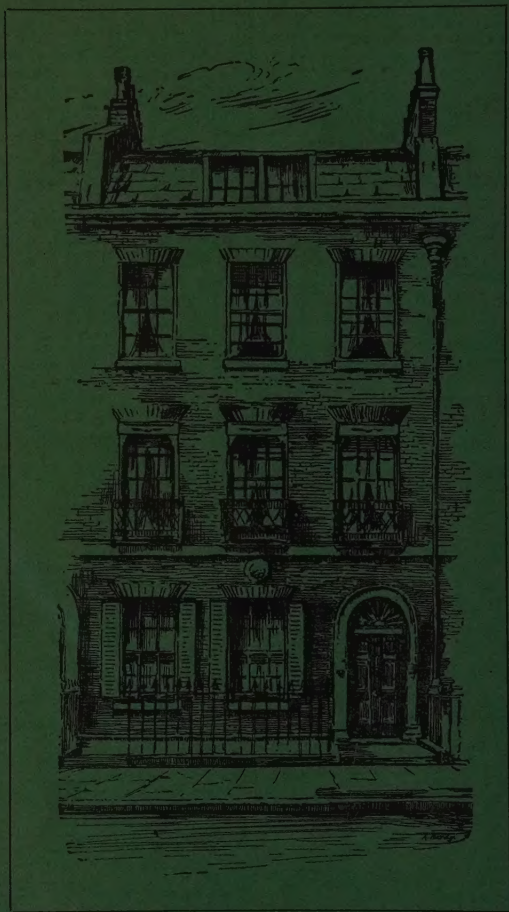
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